

# *The* American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

APRIL  
1928



In  
this  
issue

Augusta Huiell Seaman  
Albert Payson Terhune  
Kenneth Payson Kempton

# STARS IN THE SPRING SKY



**I**T'S WRITTEN in the stars—good times and good fun for readers of **THE AMERICAN GIRL**.

Right close to you—it's in our May issue—is the second Made-to-Order story. Phyllis Duganne wrote it for us. Georgianna is the heroine, and is she a tom-boy? Indeed, yes, for she's spent all her life keeping a jump ahead of three brothers, and then she finds herself in a French boarding school!

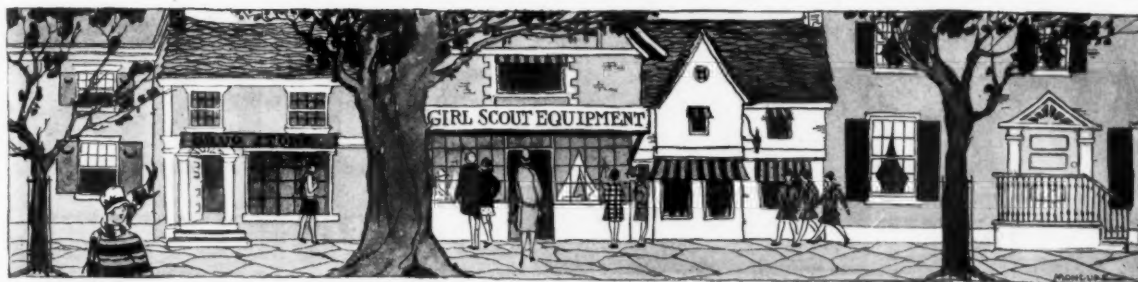
Dhan Gopal Mukerji's story of pets in the jungle that we promised you for March will surely be in May. There is a real dilemma, too, for the girl reporter in "The Oldest G. A. R."

**W**HERE shall I go to College? Is that a question that you are lying awake over? Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, President of Mills College in California, helps you to decide in May.

Does your room look just too dingy? Then we see that you will soon be busy with hammer and saw and bright colored voile. A new dressing-table is in the stars for you—read Helen Perry Curtis next month.

A glimpse through the telescope tells us that Ethel Cook Eliot is writing a new serial, and Mary Frances Shuford another Midge story. And there are pages on clothes and sports, pictures and puzzles and Girl Scout news—all these and more are coming in

**THE AMERICAN GIRL**




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## One of Twenty Cousins

**T**WENTY cousins, boys and girls, together for the summer at an old house in the South! It sounds, doesn't it, as though they might have rather good times? And they did, too, especially since one of the cousins was Juliette Low, gay, witty and always thinking of something new and exciting to do.

Juliette Low was Juliette Gordon then and looked something like the picture at the top of this column, which she drew years later from her memory of herself as a girl.

Many amusing tales of the twenty cousins are told in a book about Mrs. Low, written by the people who knew her best. It is to be published some time in May. Mrs. Lovell, one of the cousins, writes about the delightful summers.

"From the very first," she says, "we girls all adored acting. Daisy—Juliette was always called Daisy—was by far the most gifted among us in this line—a born mimic. I remember one of our earliest efforts. At this time we did not write our plays, but improvised them. Daisy had the part of a Yankee spy and had to hide under the bed. She was dragged out by the hair of the head and, although her eyes were filled with tears from the pain, she never forgot her part, but sang with spirit, *Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree*, as she was marched to her doom."

"This is only one of the anecdotes about Mrs. Low, that are in the book. You will love reading every page of it.

In the meantime, don't forget about the Juliette Low Memorial Fund. Individual and troop contributions have been coming in steadily until the total has reached \$14,143.82.

The fund, as you know, is "to promote Girl Scouting and Girl Guiding throughout the world, as a contribution to peace and good-will." Many friends of Girl Scouting, as well as those in the movement, have given. Won't you?

Contributions to the Fund should be forwarded by check or money order to National Headquarters at 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. They should be made payable to Girl Scouts, Incorporated, and marked "Memorial Fund."

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*The Golden Rule*

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# What Would YOU Do?

## LOST IN THE WILDS--NO FOOD--ARISING FEVER--



### For Food

No one acquainted with Ernest Thompson Seton ever starves to death in the wilds. He tells you about dozens of emergency foods—roots, berries, mushrooms, lichen growths, etc., etc.



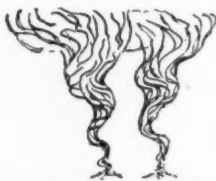
### For Medicine

The woods are a regular drugstore for those who know the medicinal value of the various leaves, barks and roots. One of the forest remedies which Ernest Thompson Seton suggests for a cold or fever is the flowering dogwood. He tells you how to identify the remedies he recommends.



### For a Fire

If your matches get wet and you are cold it is well to know the several ways of starting a fire *without* matches. Above is a drawing by Seton which shows the use of drill, block, tinder, bow and socket, all made from materials you will find in the woods.



### I am lost. Help!

If you should break a leg in the wilds, if you were sick and were becoming worse every moment, you should use the S. O. S. of the forest—two fires about fifty feet apart which will send up two columns of smoke. Other means of bringing aid from considerable distance are also suggested by Mr. Seton.



The Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft will tell you what you should do and entertain you too!

**I**F your strength was failing—your head full of tortured thoughts of starvation—your throat parched for water—what would you do? A seasoned woodsman would not get in such a position. He would know how to avoid it. Even in strange country, he would know how to locate water, how to keep his bearings, what roots, berries and other wild foods would sustain him in time of need. But do *you* know how to avoid it? Do you know how to "carry on" if it *does* ever happen to you? Food is at your feet if you can but recognize it. Medicine is on a nearby bush but you must know which one. Help will come if you know how to signal for it.

Prepare *now* for this emergency. Prepare now to *avoid* any of the hardships of the wilds. Prepare to enjoy your outing or hunting trip *as you never have enjoyed one before!* Learn every secret of nature from Ernest Thompson Seton's *Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft*.

No other man knows animals, plants, Indians and pioneer life as he does. No one else can tell you about it all so entertainingly. You can virtually sit at this master woodsman's camp-fire and listen to him talk as you read these six wonderful volumes on life in the open. Here is every feature of outdoor life, from preparing your outfit to trailing animals and first aid.

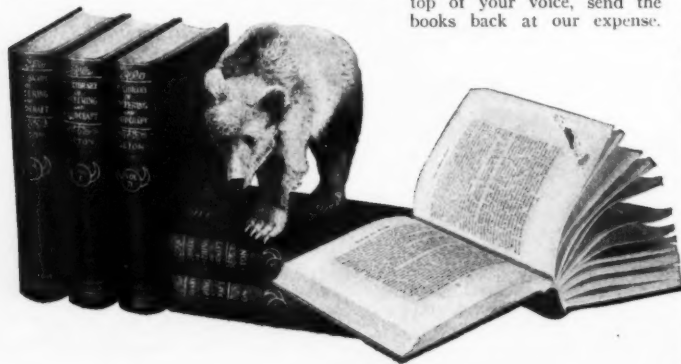
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# Along the Editor's Trail

**H**OUSES. Friendly houses, sullen houses, houses that invite you to come in, and houses that dare you to enter; houses that are as full of romance as the one Stevenson said had "a pair of hands in divers foreign places." One of my favorite day dreams used to be planning new houses for myself to live in. And some of them seemed more real than the walls around me.

But of all the houses I have known—the real ones and the ones that were real only to me—the one that I remember most now is the house we moved to when I was growing up. A family misfortune meant that we had to leave our own house, and this little old house that had come to belong to my mother had to take us in. An unhappy house it was that had been built by a miserable, cross-grained old man who lived out his tormented days in quarrelling and bickering.

It was a bleak March day when my mother and I first fitted the key into the rusty lock of the old house, but I do not think it was the chill day nor even the thought of giving up our own sunny rooms that caused us to draw close to each other as we entered. It was the feeling of sullenness that struck us like a blow when we opened the door. It seemed as if all the bitterness and quarrelling and hatred, that had lived there for so long, had entered into the timbers of the house until the very treads of the stairs snarled when you put your foot on them.

As we walked through the gloomy rooms with their blotchy dark woodwork, I grew more and more depressed. I felt that this house would poison the lives of any who lived there. I think my mother must have felt the same way, for she said finally, "Perhaps it would not be such a wretched place if it were more beautiful. Perhaps it is because it has been ill-treated."

Then we looked around again with new eyes and



we discovered that the structure of the house was not unlovely. The square rooms had low ceilings; the windows, with their little panes that looked now so like lidless eyes, were rather charming. And we found in the woodhouse a pile of old green shutters!

I can't tell you of all the things we did to that old house—of the layers and layers of dirty brown paint that we scraped off, or of the dove gray

paint that we put on; of the glass doors we cut in the dining room leading out to the old flagstone walk, of the shadows of the vines outside that fell on our buttercup china within; of the low bookshelves we built to house our friendly books.

And the old house responded to the good care like a neglected child. At first under all the bravery of new paint and fresh curtains I think perhaps it was a bit self-conscious. I thought during the spring that I could detect an occasional querulousness in the creak of the stairs. But along in the summer, when the nasturtiums were bright outside, it seemed to me one day as my little brother bounced his ball up and down that even the old stair was giving a happy squeak, like a laugh that has been long unused.

The thought of that old house came back to me the other day when I was reading the story of the Cinderella House in Palestine, Texas, that you will find on page thirty-two. It came back again as I read other stories of Girl Scout Little Houses all over the country—old houses that are finding new cheerfulness under the touch of eager young fingers, new houses whose thresholds will speak hospitable welcomes. And I thought too, of the last lines of Louis Untermeyer's *Prayer for This House*. They are, as you will remember—

"And though the sheltering walls are thin,  
May they be strong to keep hate out  
And hold love in."

A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 66

CAMILLE DAVIED, Editor  
MARGARET MOCHRIE, Assistant Editor

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An etching by Robert Hobb, reproduced by courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries

## *For Bob: A Dog*

BY DAVID MORTON

You, who would never leave us to our sleeping,  
But ever nosed us out of bed to play,  
How can we ever think of you as keeping  
So strangely still, as stirless as the clay?  
We cannot think you dead to games and laughter;  
Surely in some bright place beyond the sun,  
Girls race and play, and you go racing after,  
And lie across their feet when games are done.

Who knows, but in our separate times and places  
When we have slept the last, last sleep away,  
You yet may come, your nose against our faces,  
And wake us to our bright, immortal play . . .  
And if you startle us with rude surprise,  
You'll beg—and win—forgiveness with those eyes.

*From "Ships in Harbour,"  
G. P. Putnam's Sons*

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

*The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

Camille Davied, Editor

April, 1928

*Illustrations by Robb Beebe*



*"Beat it girls! The dean's coming. You won't have a minute to get away!"*

## The Spot on the Blue Blotter

*The first of our Made-to-Order stories—"about a jolly girl, a boarding school, a mystery, and perhaps a little romance"*

THERE never would have been any story if Leslie Craig hadn't taken the measles, and most inconveniently, too, just as the Easter vacation was about to begin.

Holly Hill School had been in a flutter of excitement for a week. Everyone was packing up to go home for Easter—everyone, that is, except Deborah Blaikie, whose parents were in Japan. If Deborah had been a different sort of girl she would have been asked home with one of the other girls. That was what had happened in the case of Carol Stryker and Joy Colman. Each either had parents abroad or none at all, and was gladly accepting invitations to spend the holidays with her own particular chum. But

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN  
and DELILAH BLAUGH

Debbie Blaikie just wasn't popular, and no obliging friend had come forward with an invitation, though, for a month past, Debbie had been secretly hoping for one.

"I'd ask her quick enough, if I only *liked* her a little," Barbara Lee had confided to her special coterie, "and I know Mother would be glad to have me bring someone. But she gets on my nerves—I don't know why." Barbara gave herself up to the joys of a huge piece of fudge and communication ceased for an interval. The occasion was a midnight spread, two days before vacation began, and pajama- and negligee-clad figures huddled in the semi-darkness on Joy Colman's bed and devoured various sweet and





unwholesome commodities.

"I know—we all feel the same way—" Leslie Craig reached for another brownie, choked on the last morsel and nearly gave the whole show away by turning black in the face through partial strangulation. Restored by thumps on the back and a drink of water, she continued, "You know what I mean—there's something about Debbie—I can't explain it, but it's cold, and difficult and holds you away from her. You don't ever feel you want to know her real well and tell her your secrets and study and talk things over with her—"

At this point the door was opened stealthily and Skinny Burns, who had been acting as watch, poked in her head and whispered distractedly, "Beat it, girls! The Dean's making a tour of the place—she's on the hall below now. You won't have but a minute!" The warning had scarcely been uttered when every fluttering bathrobe had vanished, leaving Joy Colman and her chum Helene Marcy to get rid of the telltale remnants of the feast. The fudge pan alone remained unnoticed on the floor by the bed, as five minutes later the Dean poked in her head and flashed a pocket electric light hastily about the room. She glanced at the two cherubic sleeping figures in the twin beds, and her eye caught the fudge pan reposing on the floor. But she only smiled secretly and went out, for it was near vacation—and the Dean had been young once herself!

And then, the very next morning, Leslie Craig broke out in amazing spots, was pronounced "measles" by Doctor Ogilvy, and sent in tears to the infirmary, instead of completing her packing for departure next day. "And I've got to stay alone here with Debbie Blaikie!" she moaned to herself, for Debbie had had the measles years before and was immune. To express her sympathy with Leslie, Debbie had poked her head in the infirmary doorway, a few moments before and remarked:

"So you're up against it, too! Never mind. I'll come in off and on and cheer you up."

"You won't if I can keep you out!" muttered Leslie resentfully when the head had disappeared, and she

crammed the covers into her ears to shut out the sounds of the other joyously departing pupils. At nine that night, scarcely a soul remained in Holly Hill School save herself and the trained nurse and Debbie and queer little old Miss Tinkler, the English literature instructor, who apparently never went anywhere for vacations either. Leslie had a high fever that night, but the next morning it had disappeared and by noon she felt almost normal, save for the spots. It was evidently going to be a very light case. In the afternoon, Debbie Blaikie strolled in to have a little chat with the invalid.

"Tough luck—having to stay here over the holidays!"

commented Debbie, perching on the side of the bed.

"No tougher than for you," said Leslie with feeling. She was so lonely and blue and bored by this time that she was glad and thankful for any companionship, and was, accordingly, quite gracious.

"Oh, I'm used to it by this time," Debbie assured her with surprising cheerfulness. "Dad and Mother being in Japan, and not having any relatives nearby, I don't get a chance to go away from here often, except in the summer when I go to a cousin's up in Canada." Leslie was astonished at the pleasing frankness and lack of any feeling of hurt with which this was said. But before she had a chance to think much about it, she was to be more astonished.

"It's kind of lonesome here, though," the girl went on, "as a rule, during Easter and Christmas. There's never a soul around except little old Miss Tinkler. But I've somehow gotten used to it. I read a lot and take long walks and get some of my school work done up ahead. Sometimes I run in and visit Miss Tinkler. She's a queer little scrap of a person. But, say!—that reminds me—I strolled in there last night to call on her for a while and had a bit of an adventure. Thought perhaps you'd like to hear about it. It'll help pass the time—"

Debbie stopped talking to get up and go to stare out of the window at some figure that Leslie could vaguely see hurrying up the street. "Queer!" muttered Debbie, craning her neck to see as far as she could.

"For pity's sake—*what's* 'queer,' and what happened last night?" demanded Leslie with steadily mounting curiosity.

"Why, that young fellow that just hurried by—I could have sworn I saw him last night sneaking around in the shrubbery just under Miss Tinkler's window," commented Debbie as she returned to the bed. "I turned the flashlight down into the garden and there was *someone* there with a

rather unusual soft hat, just like his. I couldn't see his face very plainly—but I guess I'd better begin at the beginning and tell you how it all happened." And she settled herself comfortably on the foot of the bed, with a couple of sofa cushions at her back.

"As I said before, I'd strolled to Miss Tinkler's room last night to have a little chat with her and show her the new flashlight and tennis racquet mother had sent to me for an Easter present. I kind of like to talk to her anyway—she's such a queer little thing and has such curious ideas. She fascinates me. I think she must be awfully old but she doesn't show it. We've sometimes had real interesting times together. Anyway, I went to her room last night and knocked at her door which was partially open. A light was turned on. But I knocked and knocked and no one answered, and finally I began to get a little alarmed for fear she might be sick or something, so I pushed open the door and went in. There was no one in the room and I thought she'd probably just left it for a few minutes. The only light burning was the little desk-lamp on her writing-table over by the window, so I sort of unconsciously strolled over there. It was at that minute that things began to happen.

"Just as I got to the desk, out went the light—in the most provoking manner. It didn't flicker and flutter or go gradually, as an electric light does when the bulb is burned out—it simply *snapped out!* Fortunately, I had in my hand the new flashlight Mother had just sent me. So I turned that on and went over to the writing-table, intending to see what was wrong with the reading-light—but I never got to the light. My pocket torch threw a big spot of illumination on the fresh, new blue blotting-pad on the table and—what do you think was on that pad?"

"I—I can't imagine!" stammered Leslie, thrilled now to her finger-tips by this surprising recital.

"Well, I'll tell you," went on Debbie, warming up to the climax herself. "It was a big, fresh *spot*—an ink-spot, I guess, but in the queerest *shape*—it couldn't possibly have been accidental. It was shaped like the print of a finger—I should say a *thumb*—and probably a man's thumb at that, for it was so large. There were all the lines and little curlicues like any finger-print. Looked as if a thumb had been dipped in ink and pressed on that clean blotting-pad. Underneath the thumb-print was a little figure '4', made

evidently with a pen and ink. There was nothing else. I just stood there staring at it, for it seemed awfully strange. You know how *fussy* Miss Tinkler is about neatness and all that sort of thing. She's a regular martinet about herself and her room being just immaculately neat and clean—and a big untidy spot like that in the middle of her fresh blotting-pad seemed so unlike anything she'd have done herself. I concluded it must have been some kind of mean practical joke of one of the girls before they left. Then I heard a queer sort of rustling in the bushes just below her window, which was open as it has been so warm. And I went over to it and poked my head out in the darkness and turned the flashlight suddenly into the bushes below.

"And then I had another surprise. For there below in the bushes was a face upturned—the face of a boy of about eighteen or twenty, I should think—evidently very much startled at the sudden bright light turned right down on him. It was a rather nice face—and very much scared—and he had on a soft hat with a more than usually wide brim, more like those Stetsons the western boys wear. It was only a second that I saw him, for he suddenly ducked in among the thick bushes and slid off somehow, and just then Miss Tinkler came hurrying into the room. She had snapped on the big upper light from the switch by the door and was evidently very much surprised to see me there.

"She said, in that funny, fussy little way she has, 'Oh, I'm so sorry I wasn't here. I've been down to the bookstore in town and just got back. Won't you have a seat and—'. And then she caught sight of the spot on the blotter and I thought she was going to faint away. She turned positively *green* and dropped the hat she had just taken off and clutched the edge of the desk as if she were going to fall. I was just going to ask if she felt ill and what was the matter, and could I get her a drink of water, when she turned to me and stuttered:

"'You'll—you'll have to excuse me, Debbie. I—I have had a—something of a shock. Would—you excuse me—tonight? I—I shall be very busy, too busy to visit.'

(Continued on page 33)



"There in the bushes below was a face upturned—the face of a boy of about eighteen or twenty, I should think—very much startled at the sudden bright light turned right down on him. It was a nice face"



*Illustrations by  
Frank Schoonover*

*The dories were lowered,  
laden with their heavy  
tubs of baited trawls*

**S**ALLY YORK didn't run away to sea. She was carried there.

This meant a good deal to carry—a tough load for Driggs, the cook, to stumble and grumble over. Not that Sally herself amounted to anything; eighty pounds or so in an old sweater, a pair of knickers, and a triumphant grin—that's all she was. But the stuff that went aboard with her . . . !

You see, Sally York was sick. A year before, this beast of a thing called infantile paralysis had laid her flat on her back. "But I'm not an infant!" she had mildly protested. Apparently that made no difference. It was all up with Sally. No more hikes, no more swims, no more coasting, basketball, or running the wooded hills for the fun of it. Many people in town held the opinion that she would never leave her bed again.

Her mother was of the number—though she would rather have died than admit it to anyone but her secret self. Ella York was one of these people of whom everybody says, "She ought to have been a trained nurse." When someone in town got sick, she was the kind that set upon the patient with such zeal and relish that you wondered whether it wasn't the sickness itself, rather than its cure, that inspired her. Her motto was simple: Do everything. She practised it untiringly and, if her patients did not always recover quickly, at least the continued bustle in the sick-room furnished an encouraging substitute.

So you can picture what happened when Ella's only child took sick. Action, undiluted, in double doses.

Doc Tibbetts called, of course—a mere formality in *that* house—and diagnosed at once, with a wink of sympathy

for the bravely smiling, pale girl stretched out on Sally's bed. No doubt about it. Three cases over in Back Narrows last week. Nothing much to do. There was a serum, but it cost a terrific price and often didn't do any good. Exercises, maybe, after she's rallied—cold salt baths—

All this went in one of Ella's ears and right out the other. She had caught a few words and, bridling fiercely, was struggling to make herself heard. "Nothing much to do?" she chanted. "*Nothing much to do?*"

She strapped Sally, first, into a complicated thing brought from Portland. She buried Sally in hot water bottles. She had a fever thermometer in Sally's mouth off and on all day. She gave Sally tonics and blood-purifiers and capsules and emulsions and iron compounds and cod liver oil, and backache pills. She froze Sally in cold packs and parboiled her in hot. She tried massage, and seven kinds of diet. She did everything she could think of.

And nothing happened—except that Sally went on grinning patiently and lying on her back, pale and drawn, with a pair of legs that were numb and limp and useless.

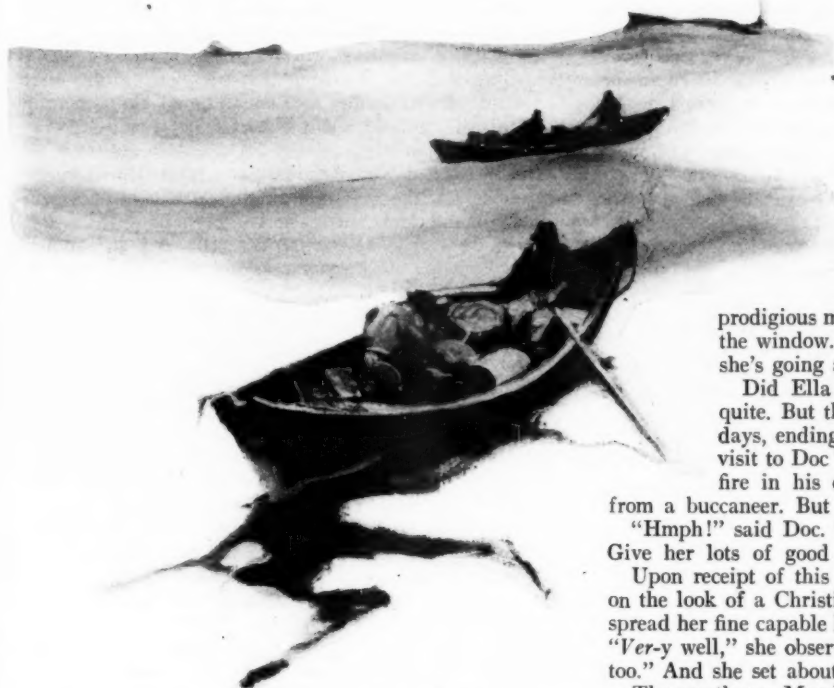
That is to say, nothing happened of importance. Before this thing hit her, Sally had been a good swimmer, a great one for hanging around the waterfront listening to fishermen's yarns and for sailing her dory among the islands and into the inlets of the bay. Now all these dead delights seemed to cling in her mind. Several times during the long dull months of idleness while her mother panted enthusiastically over her medicinal exertions, Sally had said: "You know, Mother, I believe that sea air, some sort of trip on the water might—"

But Ella York always managed to pop a thermometer



KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON writes the thrilling story of a frail girl who went down to the sea to get well, and found adventure there

## Kill or Cure



into Sally's mouth before she could finish. Then she'd take her pulse and say, "There, there, child, don't get excited. Everything's all right." And then she'd stomp off downstairs for more hot water bottles, shaking her kindly, misguided head. Delirious, sure as you're born! Sea air? Why, she'd take her death!

About the time Ella York had decided that the seventh diet wasn't just right and had begun to look around for some new wrinkle, Sally's father came home.

Now Captain Peter York, master and owner of the Banks trawler *Windward*, was by no means the new wrinkle of which his good wife was then in search. Neither his presence nor his advice was wanted at just that time. But he came home all the same, as schooner captains have an irresponsible way of doing after hauling five hundred quintals of cod and haddock off the ocean bottom; and he put in his oar. He was a little, sawed-off stump of a man, hardly taller than his daughter, with a jolly, red, bristly face and a gleaming blue eye. The town had always said of him that Peter York didn't count for much in his own house. But on the *Windward's* sloping deck, everybody agreed, he was tyrant and king. What a man to carry sail, to drive her! To be first on the Banks, first home to market! That blue eye of his could strike sparks, I tell you. His crews, great hunks of brawn, feared that eye, that rigid little body. But they loved him, too.

On the afternoon of Captain Peter's return, Ella stepped out down street to do some errands. When she got back the fat was in the fire.

"Now see here, Sally," she panted, unwrapping a parcel

that looked like a big bottle of medicine. "I've got something here that—"

"Ella!" The skipper was standing at the foot of Sally's bed. Anyone less engrossed in taking off her hat and coat and undoing a package and panting would have seen that something was in the air. Peter York was braced, feet apart, as if to steady him against a bucking sea. Spots of color burned in Sally's wan cheeks; her eyes were bright with some prodigious magic. "Ella! Heave that poison out the window. Sally'n I been talking. Next trip she's going along of me."

Did Ella York go through the roof? Not quite. But there was a battle that lasted three days, ending only when Captain Peter paid a visit to Doc Tibbetts. The skipper had enough fire in his eye to wrest consent to anything

from a buccaneer. But he didn't need it.

"Hmph!" said Doc. "Best thing in the world for her. Give her lots of good food and don't let her overdo."

Upon receipt of this word Ella York snorted and put on the look of a Christian martyr among the flames. She spread her fine capable hands, shrugged her big shoulders. "Ver-y well," she observed distinctly. "Then I'm coming, too." And she set about preparations.

The month was March. It had come in like a lamb. Ella York was not what you would call a good sailor.

On the following Tuesday, a bright balmy day, Sally was carried aboard the old *Windward* on the crossed hands of her father and one of the crew. Her mother followed, panting resolutely, her bonnet askew, a mountain of blankets on one arm, four hot water bottles dangling from the other. Behind her came Driggs, grumbling; he pushed a wheel-chair before him with one hand and staggered under the weight of a huge medicine chest perched precariously on his other shoulder.

Most of the town crowded the wharf to see them off. "It's kill or cure," they muttered dubiously as Sally's piping laugh came floating back to them over the water.

And for a time it looked like a cure. Sally began to eat—not broth and digestive biscuit, but eggs and bacon and corn bread, fish chowder and beef and cabbage, apple pie and pudding. And the color ebbed back into her cheeks. She was out in the keen, sun-laced air all day now, bundled up in blankets in her wheel-chair, which would be lashed by the windward rail where she could watch the sudsy froth curve and slope away from the schooner's run, and the gulls wheeling and whickering astern. There would be four or five huskies of the off-watch—Per Solvard or Dinny, and Ned Waters or Briscoe or Andy Drew—squatting round her in a bashful, beaming circle, spinning yarns and vying with each other to get a smile out of her, to make that caroling laugh of hers go lilting across the deck and out over the dancing sea.

Sally was better. There was no mistaking that. After a week she was begging to be allowed to try a step or two,

Said she had a hunch—said her legs felt *different* somehow—laughed blithely, heart-breakingly, and said why not?—the worst that could happen would be that she'd just fall over.

Her mother, of course, wouldn't hear of it. Things were not going so well for Ella York. She ate little and looked as if she could do with even less. Her face was pale and had a pensive expression. She stayed for long periods in her cabin. She said the food wasn't fit to eat, and was desperately apprehensive over the quantities her daughter consumed. But she stuck to her guns, although it was rough going, and in spite of that matter of the medicine chest and the hot water bottles.

The whole lot had been washed overboard! Thermometers, graduated glasses, pills, measuring spoons, towels for compresses, a patent lamp, big bottles, middling bottles, little bottles—the whole outfit—gone! "Gone?" gasped Ella, shocked inexpressibly. "Gone," the skipper briefly confirmed. "Too bad, but it can't be helped." And he strode on deck, whistling cheerily.

Now it must be said that there had been no sea running, the night before. It must also be said that a furtive wink passed between Peter York and his daughter as the sad news was announced. But Ella was too distraught to notice these details. The calmer the sea, the sicker she felt. This was the last straw; flesh and blood could stand no more.

Shaking her head stoically, she retired to her berth. She had "done everything." The tragedy must now take its course.

And take its course it did—though not at all in the way Ella York expected.

On Roseway Bank the *Windward* found fish. The dories were lowered, laden with their tubs of baited trawls, manned two each by the twenty roustabouts of the schooner's crew. In a long line at mile intervals they spanned the glittering sea, setting lines and buoys, waiting, hauling in the catch. Hove-to, the *Windward* idled watchfully nearby like a hen over her brood. Her decks were strangely empty now. Ella York was down below as usual. Smoke rose from the galley amidships, where Driggs, with his customary grumbling, cooked a huge meal against the men's return. At her wheel stood the skipper, contentedly whistling, keeping the luff of her big mainsail atremble, now and then training his glasses on one boat or another, speculating what luck they had found. And in her wheel-chair by the windward rail, pretty as a picture with her short hair blowing and her eyes alight, lay Sally, humming an accompaniment to her father's tune and enjoying every minute of this miracle.

The late March sun was like a blessing. The sky was clear, washed blue, the wind a light easterly, the sea calm slopes that crinkled into crystals. Five miles to the south a white scrap against the sky, lay the *Beth and Nathan*, a fellow-townsmen. They had spoken to her that morning. She hadn't found much luck. But Peter York would.

He did. That night the *Windward's* crew cleaned, salted, and stowed away close to twenty thousand pounds. The forehold was full when they finished, and the big main hold covered. Two more sets like that first would start them for home. This was good news for the invalid ex-nurse below; the convalescent patient on deck saw otherwise. "I don't wish you any hard luck, Dad," Sally objected, "but I don't see why those fish have to be so greedy."

The skipper, understanding, nodded over his tea. "Plenty more trips coming, child. Besides"—as a faint moan seeped through a bulkhead into the main cabin—"think of your poor mother."

Sally blushed. "I'm an ungrateful ninny!"

"Another thing," the captain went on slowly, "I'm in a hurry for the money. There's two things got to be done with

my lay of this catch. The old *Wind'ard* ain't been overhauled and caulked for twelve years. She needs it, bad. Once that's done, I'm a-going to get her insured. Then my mind'll be—"

Sally gasped. "Do you mean to say the *Wind'ard's* never been insured?"

"Not a cent. First I was too busy paying for her. Then you come along. Then we bought the house. There's always been something. For the last year it's been—well, hot water bottles. That's why I'm in a hurry. See?"

Sally saw. She saw this unassuming little man, her childhood hero, cheerfully battling wind and water for twenty years with a gnawing worry at his heart. Facing it. Whistling it down. Knowing that complete failure might be waiting grimly in that next squall cloud, this screaming blizzard, that ghastly silent fog.

Oh, to get home!

But the next day gave the laugh to fears. Dawn stepped out of the sea like a nymph all pink and gold. The wind was light and cool, still easterly—perhaps a little north of east. The ocean was a parquet floor of jade and brilliants. By ten o'clock there was not a cloud in the lacquered sky.

Also by ten o'clock the *Windward's* boats were struggling alongside, rails awash with the catch of that second set. Cheery words, snatches of song—and the big limp, silvery bodies came slapping aboard. By dinner time the catch was dressed, stowed. Before two the dories had gone again. One more would do it.

Only Driggs, the cook, grumbled, pulled a long face. What now? The weather! From her chair by the rail Sally heard scraps of words as Driggs, his mess-gear cleaned up, came slouching out of the galley in his apron and slippers to go aft and perch moodily on the cabin house by the wheel. "Bad sign, this three-day easterly. Weather breeder. Ain't that glass falling? Well, it oughter be. My advice, if anyone should step up and ask it—"

Then her father's laugh, like a boy's. His eyes sober, hard blue. "Don't talk to me of weather, Driggsie, old sob. I know what you know. Whatever it is, it'll hold off till the boats get back. Then let her come. Northeast. Push us home."

Whatever it is . . . ?

Some time later, Sally looked up. A light film lay slanting across part of the sky. The breeze had not strengthened or changed; perhaps it felt a shade cooler. The sun still shone brightly. Fine, powdery stuff like white flour swirled in tiny eddies across the deck. Could—could that be snow?

Then Sally happened to glance out toward where, all yesterday and this morning, the *Beth and Nathan* had ridden by her dories. The *Beth and Nathan* was gone.

"Tim Pyne must have moved," she called aft to her father. "Got tired of bare hooks and—"

"Moved noth—What?" he roared, looking around. Then his face went oddly gray. He crouched like a hunted thing, peering up wind. One hand dived at the rack on the house before him. At his lips the foghorn sent out over the calm water its mournful wail. Three long shuddering notes. Three more. The recall.

"Driggs! Cut them halyards or—"

But it was too late. Even as the cook moved to obey, black fury swept out of the north and the worst Banks squall in fifty years struck the *Windward*. It tore the horn out of Peter York's grasp, whirled it away into a roaring void. In three breaths the horizon had shrunk to fifty yards of sea, pressed flat, black with seething ridges, by a shrieking gale. The air was full of sheeting level snow that choked, blinded. Under the weight of that savage onslaught the schooner tipped down—down, until her deck was like a house roof—and, with a report like a cannon, the mainsail burst into ribbons which instantly disappeared. Then

on a rending crash that seemed to split the world, the tall foremast buckled like matchwood and went over the side in a welter of tangled ropes and battered canvas.

As the demon struck, instinctively Sally York had shut her eyes, held her breath. When she looked again the proud old schooner, conquerer of twenty vicious winters, was a derelict, a sodden, helpless hulk.

Sally cried out. The storm laughed madly in answer, tossing her feeble note afar. That it should come now, this very last time before Dad could—The boat's gone, the men too. The *Windward* next, and Mother, Dad, Driggs, herself. Death. What would it be like? Cold. A few choking minutes. Something snapping, a blinding light. . . .

Horror stalked in her wide eyes. Huddled, gripping her chair, she waited.

She saw her father and Driggs fighting their way forward with axes. They set upon the wreckage of the foremast, slashing, hauling the tangle overside. Now they would be lost in the white smother, now appear again, furiously active, the sound of their blows a tiny tattoo in the screaming chaos. And presently, freed of that load, the schooner staggered slowly erect.

At once long eager waves broke over her. The sea was up now, whipped into racing mountains. The *Windward* plunged drunkenly, crashing with shocks that shook her timbers. Sally saw her father grope aft to the wheel. Ever so slowly the big bow paid off. For sickening minutes the schooner wallowed in the trough, rolling her rails under. They got a rag of a trysail on the stump of her foremast. She steadied bravely. They lashed her bucking wheel. Again she swung off, till the wind was on her quarter and she raced blindly before it.

Already she was low in the water, dragged down by the tons of sea that had piled into her and by the dead weight of her cargo. In her waist the skipper and Driggs were hard at the pump now. Periodically they would stop, bend over the measuring rod in the well; and then Peter York would bite his lip, shake his grizzled head. At last he came staggering over to where Sally still clung by the rail. Holding on by the ratlines, he leaned far out to stare down into the boiling wash that whipped and eddied at the schooner's planking.

"Thought so," he

shouted, straightening up. "Started that old seam when the stick snapped. I'll have to—" he was away again, forward, fighting every step, calling to Driggs as he passed him to go on pumping for dear life.

Presently he returned. A bos'n's chair on a bridle was tucked under one arm. In the other he gripped a roll of old canvas, a hammer, a box of small nails.

"Dad! You're not going to—?"

"Course I am," he interrupted coolly, making fast a loose end of rigging in the bridle's bight. "We won't stay afloat an hour without. That seam down there's the only place she's leaking bad. If I patch it we'll have a chance. Might get a busted leg out of it, but what's that compared to—"

His keen eye lifted. He saw Driggs, idle, sitting on the pump, his head between his hands. "Yah!" he bellowed and, dropping everything, leaped.

Sally saw and heard what followed as if in a dream. Between the crouched, exhausted coward and his indignant commander a few words passed. To every appeal, entreaty,

the cook shook his sullen, twitching head. He was done, licked. Then Captain Peter York made his second error of that day, the sort of blunder that gallant, harried souls will sometimes make in a crisis. His fist flashed out. Driggs jumped, rolled over backward, lay still as a bundle of rags in the scuppers.

For a minute the skipper stared blindly at him, then tackled the pump alone. A great wave jolted the schooner, lifted her high.

And Sally came to her senses with a thought. "What about Mother?"

At her shrill cry the skipper turned his head. Mother! Down below there. Terribly torn, he stood dazed, his desperate eyes shifting from the pump to the rail where he had left his tools, and from there to the cabin companion. Down below, sick, not knowing what had happened! *The cabin must be a wreck.*

"You stay right where you be!" he thundered absurdly, and plunged aft and into the companion.

Then Sally was alone with the storm. She gave it not a look. At her feet lay a bos'n's chair ready hitched, canvas, a hammer, nails.

She grinned. What was a mere broken leg to her? Her blankets flew off. She swung out of that  
(Continued on page 45)



Bang! She pounded and slithered at the mercy of wind, sea and rough planking



By MARY ROSS

# Should Every Girl

"**S**HOULD every girl go to college?" It was Dorothy who asked me the question, her blue eyes looking at me as seriously and as hopefully as if I could surely hand out an answer that would be right. "You went to college," she continued, "and you must know what you got out of it. And you know how things are with us. Do you think it would pay for me to go?"

Going to college, or anywhere else for that matter, was a serious problem for Dorothy. Her father died when she was a little girl, and it had been nip and tuck for her mother ever since to keep the little city flat going and get school clothes for Dorothy and business clothes for herself, since she worked in an office, and buy food for both of them. But now Dorothy was finishing high school, with good marks, and she wanted to go on. She dreamed of some day when she, too, could get a job, so that her mother wouldn't have to work so hard. She thought she might teach—she was good in English—or maybe she could get some sort of work on a magazine. What with scholarships and four years more of scraping pennies together, they could manage college, if it were worth it. Or she could stop then and there and start in at an office, filing for a while, and studying stenography on the side. That would mean money at once, and an easier life for both of them.

Now it happened that a few years later I knew another Dorothy who also, by chance, had blue eyes and fair hair and a widowed mother with ambitions for her daughter and very little money to help her put them into effect. "Should every girl go to college?" she also asked me, but with a mournful emphasis on the "should."

"Mother says I'd make such nice friends," she went on, "but I just can't see another four years of books. What I want to do is to paint, and I want to begin doing it right now. Why should I just hang around for ages—and I can't do math and chemistry even now—when I'm crazy to get at brushes and colors and canvas!"

The first Dorothy went, and even with scholarships it was a hard pull, and it took a good deal of the salary she earned the first year afterward to pay off the bills that couldn't be managed. But I don't think either she or her mother has regretted the struggle for a moment. It was a good time, though a busy one. It brought her into touch with peo-



*At college she found people and books whose ideas thrilled her*

ple and books whose ideas thrilled her and still thrill her; it made friendships that still mean much in her life; and it laid the basis for the professional work in which she since has become successful. Even the hardest boiled business man would have called college a good investment for her.

The second Dorothy didn't go, and though I had not been so rash as to offer any advice, I was in sympathy with her decision. It might have given her the social advantages which appealed to her mother, but it represented very little that she herself wanted, and it is my guess that it would have meant four years of strenuous effort on the part of all the family with little more than a happy

recollection of dances and fudge parties to show for it at the end. Not that dances and fudge parties should not be part of one's recollections—but they can be had outside of college. They are a happy part of growing up, but not the end for which education

should be planned. This Dorothy did draw exceptionally well, and she was willing to put into art school the hard and continued work that she never would have spent on books. She has undertaken a definite course of professional training, and though she may never have a career in any spectacular sense, she is learning how to do well something that she really likes and can do, and finding satisfaction in it.

Girls nowadays take the idea of going to college so much as a matter of course that it is hard to realize that it was so much more daring a thing for our mothers to do, and even for our older sisters, if we are the youngest of a large family, than it is for us.

Even for boys in our father's day, it was considered very seriously. No young man went to college unless he was planning to be a minister, or a professor or a lawyer or a physician. College was considered only as a preparation for the learned professions, something very precious to which only the exceptionally intelligent ones were privileged, and even many lawyers and doctors got their education by working as assistants in offices and studying by themselves. Then they began to see that several years

# Go to College?

Illustrations by Harvé Stein

of definite, specialized training gave a better preparation than one might get in the haphazard duties of law clerk or doctor's assistant. Now one not only goes to law or medical school, but most such schools ask that one have four years of college first, so that we may have a broader basis of understanding people and the world, before we begin to specialize in our profession, whether it be law or surgery or teaching.

One must have a college education now in order to enter any of a growing list of professions. And even in banks, department stores, and many other kinds of business, the college graduate is likely to get the preference. If a girl knows she wants to go into any of those professions, the answer should be easy enough for her. She will certainly go if she can, even if it means that she will have to earn part of the money for it herself.

But when we are fifteen or sixteen—and that is when we must decide, many of us aren't quite sure about what we are going to do. We may think rather vaguely that what we most want to do is just to get married, and that may seem so important that we don't care much whether we make "A's" in higher algebra or not. And then there is the old idea that still clings in our minds that college is made only for unusually studious girls—"bluestockings," our grandmothers would have called them, or "greasy grinds," we said in my college days.

It took real courage for a girl to go to college forty years ago. She knew that people would assume that she considered her brains superior to the general lot or that

her looks were so inferior that there was little likelihood she would ever get married. The college girls of the seventies and eighties were a picked lot, able and intelligent, and so interested in ideas and in learning that they were willing to endure ridicule and to make an effort that now seems almost superhuman. They became leaders, and college girls of today could ask for no finer pioneers than Jane Addams of Hull House; Katherine Bement Davis, who has just retired as chief of the Bureau of Social Hygiene; Julia Lathrop, formerly chief of the Federal Children's Bureau; Florence Kelley, the friend of all working children, and many others who have made social history.

Of course, when we look around us at college girls today, we know that college doesn't call for that sort of effort any more. A girl today can be thrilled over the music in a line of beautiful poetry and still have the approval of her family and plenty of dance partners; she can have the smartest bob on the campus and know all about the life history of the amoeba, if she wants to.

And, strange as it may seem, we have gone almost as far in thinking that every girl should go to college, as they went fifty years ago in thinking that every girl should not go. That is not so good, either.

"What is Elizabeth going to do when she finishes high school?" some one asks, and the reply comes, "Oh, I don't know, all her bunch is going to Smith, or Wisconsin, or Stanford, or what you will, and I suppose she'll go along, too, if she gets through her algebra." And off goes

(Continued on page 46)



"Why should I wait for four years—and I can't do math even now—when I'm crazy to get at brushes and colors and canvas?"



The police dogs had borne the gold and white collie to the ground

## Treasure Trove

*Mavis thought she didn't like dogs, but that was before she met Douglas—the game young collie who belonged to someone else*

**W**HEN Mavis Roche was in Girl Scout attire she prided herself on looking like an out-and-out sports-woman. And her stout boots and well-worn sweater were as good campers as she was.

When Mavis Roche was arrayed for a formal afternoon or evening party, she made a point of dressing the part as daintily and as formally as a débutante. In both types of costume she achieved her ambition for fitness.

It was a long walk from the Roche home to Kay Dennett's, where four of the girls were to meet on their way to the tea dance at the St. Croesus. They were to start from Kay's at five o'clock. When it lacked only fifteen minutes of five and the taxi had not come for her, Mavis decided to go on foot, rather than keep the three other girls waiting. True, she was wearing her newest and filmiest and prettiest spring frock but she was certain she could reach Kay's without marring in any way its pristine loveliness. She had a genius for keeping the freshness of appearance that such a formal tea as today's demanded.

She made her way along the pleasant suburban street, under the feathery shade of the new-leafing maples and past door-yards where lilacs were beginning to bloom. As she turned a corner, the springtime quiet was split by a hideous babel of racket.

In mid-road, directly in front of her, a highly energetic and noisy dog fight was in progress. Mavis came to an involuntary halt, disgusted and repelled. At best, she did not like dogs. Indeed, she had had practically no experience with them. As a three-year-old baby, she had been bitten sharply on the wrist by a frightened mongrel, a refugee under the Roche piazza from the pursuit of a gang of boys. When Mavis had tried to prod him forth from his hiding-place with a rake, the scared mongrel had nipped her, and henceforth she had had an instinctive fear and

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrations by Paul Bransom

distaste, which she could not overcome, for the whole canine race.

So now she prepared to press close to the inner side of the sidewalk as she moved past the

fighters. She cast a glance of icy distaste toward them. If she had not done that, this story never would have been written. The glance showed her that the combatants were three in number, not two. A couple of huge police dogs had borne to the ground a young gold and white collie. They were boring in at his throat and underbody, viciously greedy to kill and mutilate him.

The collie was little more than a pup—slender and graceful. He was no match for the two giant brutes that were rending him. Yet he did not yelp for mercy nor yield supinely to his certain fate. Instead, with all his puny young strength, he tried to fight back. It was as though a schoolboy were to strive to fend off two professional heavyweight pugilists.

All this Mavis saw in that brief glance. But, as she looked, the puppy's eyes chanced to meet hers. There was no cowardice in that momentary gaze of his before the two police dogs hurled him afresh to the ground and ravened once more for his furry throat. But there was a world of silent appeal, an appeal which held no fear, no cringing, but which somehow went clean through to the watching girl's heart.

Never, then or later, did Mavis understand the hot impulse which surged through her at sight of that mute appeal and at the puppy's valiantly futile efforts to hold his own against such murderously impossible odds. Before she had the remotest idea what she was about, she had run into the middle of the street and straight into the thick of the battle. Instinctively, as she darted forward, she stopped and snatched up a slender steel rod, rusty and perhaps two feet long, which had fallen from some pas-



sing motor car. It was a puny weapon, but all she had.

Then she was standing above the raging police dogs, seizing the nearest of them by the nape of the neck and yanking him backward from his writhingly prostrate prey, belaboring his back and head with her rusty bit of steel. The other police dog sensed that his confederate was in trouble. Lifting his head from the vainly battling little collie, this second dog leaped straight for Mavis, roaring like a wild beast and with his red jaws wide agape.

Girl Scout training engenders swift thinking in an emergency. Assuredly Mavis Roche, in normal moments, would never have dreamed of doing what now she did in this instant of stark peril. Even as the police dog leaped at her, she thrust the steel rod forward with all her wiry young strength, lunging as with a fencing foil. Straight and true the rod traveled, the onrush of the police dog giving it a double impetus. In between the gaping and slavering jaws it sped and far down the snarling throat.

With a screech of pain, the smitten dog wheeled and went galloping down the street, every atom of fight knocked out of him, his tail clamped between his legs, his howls of pain and terror echoing after him as he fled. It was all over in an instant, and the hand that held the steel rod was numb and pringing with the force of the thrust.

But there was no time to rest or even to shudder at what she had done. For the first police dog was twisting and wrenching in her grasp, snapping and tearing at her and striving to free his neck from her ever-weakening hold. Down came the rod on his head and back again and again, with all Mavis' power, while his struggles dragged her clear across the roadway. Then, as she struck once more, the rusted and overstrained wand of steel snapped short in half, tinkling to the asphalt at her feet.

In the same moment, the police dog tore free from her tiring clutch and launched himself furiously at her. She threw up her arms to guard her imperilled throat and face. But, before the charging brute's teeth could reach their goal, something gold and white flashed upward from the ground and a set of snowy young teeth caught the police dog close to the jugular. Tired and torn and bewildered as the young collie was, nevertheless he had the pluck and the gratitude to lurch upward to the aid of the girl who had saved him from his giant foes.

His brave counter-attack caught the police dog off balance. Together the two dogs rolled into the dust of the road, the collie still hanging on, the larger beast shaking fiercely to free himself and seeking a new grip on his slender little enemy. It was then that a police-

man came puffing up to the scene of encounter. His stick was brought down with skilled force, stunning the police dog.

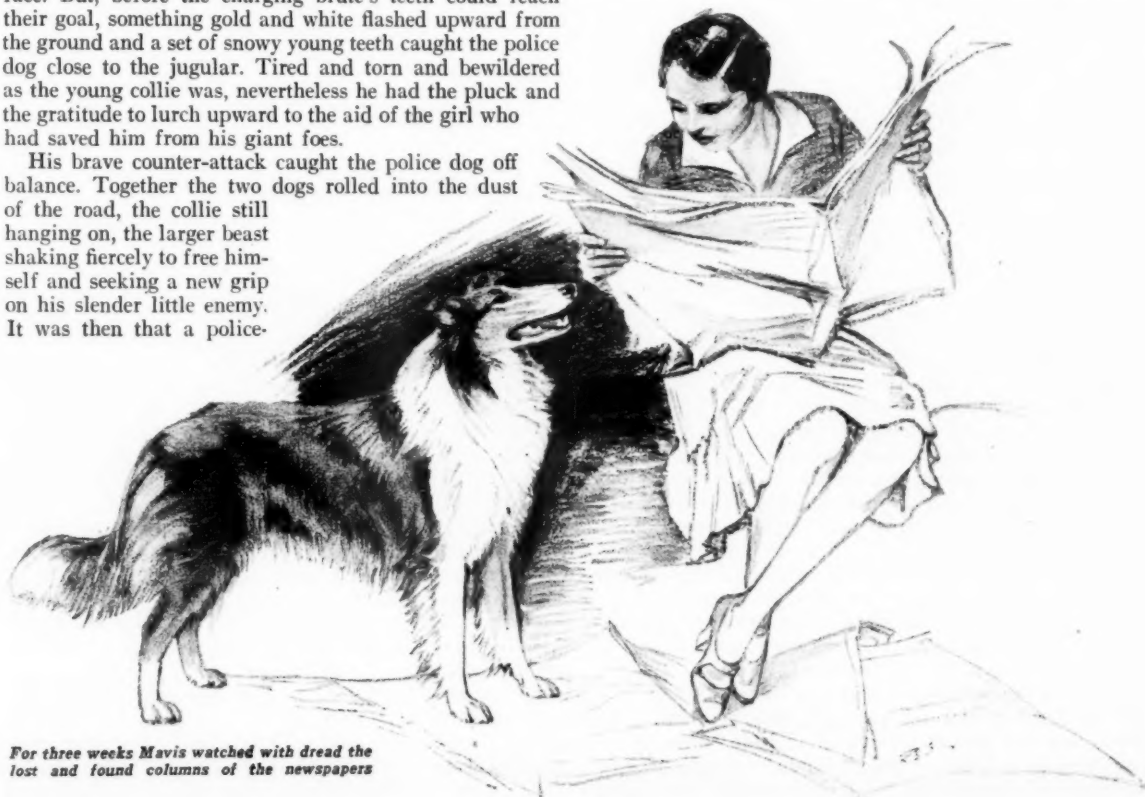
The collie got to his feet, dusty and begrimed and bleeding, and came close to Mavis' side, pressing his panting and exhausted body against her knee in wordless gratitude, as he peered lovingly up into her face. Through no conscious impulse of her own, Mavis stopped and petted the clean-cut young silken head. Her rescue of the collie had given her a queer fondness for the gallant little chap—she who had always disliked and feared dogs and who had refused to let her father buy her one when he had wanted to!

Turning from the police dog, the policeman saw the girl and the collie. From their pose, he assumed the animal was Mavis'.

"You ought not to butt in like that, miss," he said, "when there's a dog fight. Not even when that game collie pup of yours was getting so much the worst of it. It was a mighty brave thing for you to do, but you were taking big chances. You might have been on your way to the hospital by now. Just look at those pretty clothes of yours! Your ma will be wild when she sees them."

Mavis looked down at her recently spotless attire. Her dress was in shreds—the pretty afternoon dress she had been so proud of. It was soiled and smeared and ragged. One of her stockings had been ripped almost off by a raking blow of the police dog's curved claws. She was a disreputable sight. Ordinarily such a tragedy to her best afternoon dress would have reduced her to utter misery. Now, to her surprise, she felt almost no concern for her ruined garments, nor for missing the St. Croesus tea dance to which she had looked forward so eagerly.

Instead, she was inspecting with worry the slashes and nips of the two police dogs which had penetrated the collie's armor of heavy fur through to the tender flesh beneath. The pup must be taken home at once where she



For three weeks Mavis watched with dread the lost and found columns of the newspapers

could dress his hurts and where he could rest from the effects of his fearful fight. If she were to desert him now, he might wander, bleeding and tired out, for hours before he could reach his own master's home. "His own master!" Mavis was aware of a shock of unhappiness. She did not know why. She did not realize that fondness for a dog chum was just beginning to awaken in her and that her saving of this fearless young collie had established a mighty bond between them.

She turned homeward, moving as in a daze. The disheveled gold-white collie paced happily at her side without command from her, ever looking up into her face with a dumb adoration which touched her to the very heart. A half-block farther on her homeward way she passed a bungalow, on whose veranda sat an old man in a wheel chair. He hailed her as she went by.

"I saw it all, young lady," he said. "And I'll say you're as plucky as the collie himself. I can't give anyone any higher praise than that. I saw more, too. I was sitting here, ten minutes ago, when an automobile came whizzing past. There was a chauffeur on the front seat with another man. And on the back seat this collie was sitting. He was tied by a leash. The leash must have had a rotten clasp or his collar must have been weak. For, as the car whirled around that corner, back there, the collie happened to stand up. The swing around the corner knocked him clean off the seat and overboard. The collar or else the leash gave way as he fell. Otherwise he would have hanged himself. As it was, he fell sprawling into the gutter. The men drove on. They never even saw him tumble out. Most likely they won't know it for another mile or more and even then they won't know where to look for him. He never even whimpered, though the fall must have knocked the breath out of him. He got up and he looked around him and then he trotted off, down the street. He hadn't gone half a block when those two police dogs nailed him. I don't know who owns the good little chap, but you've surely earned him. Take him along. I'll keep mum."

The next week was the happiest that Mavis Roche had known. True, her new clothes were wrecked beyond repair and she was decorated with bruises and scratches which once would have humiliated and annoyed her almost past endurance. But now she ignored them. She was too busy tending her new chum and rejoicing in observing the myriad lovable and humorous and staunch qualities of him to bother about minor mishaps. She named the collie "Douglas," after her favorite Scottish hero, as she had no way whatever of guessing at his real name. To her astonishment, in less than a single day he had learned his new name and responded eagerly to it.

Her father, who had always loved dogs, was rejoiced at finding that his daughter had overcome her former dislike and that she was reveling in the comradeship of this new-found pet of hers. But when she had brought Douglas home and told Mr. Roche the story, while she bathed and salved the young collie's hurts, her father said:

"There are one or two things you must keep in mind, little girl. In the first place, I know enough about collies to realize that this pup is a first-rate show specimen, probably from some famous kennel. A pup of that excellence would sell for two hundred and fifty or even three hun-

dred dollars. He belongs, presumably, to the men out of whose car he fell. That is, unless they had stolen him. Anyhow, he belongs to somebody. He wasn't a stray or a tramp dog. People aren't going to lose a three hundred dollar dog without making an effort to find him. When you read an advertisement about him, what are you going to do? I leave that to your own conscience. But I warn you I can't afford to buy him for you at anything like his value. How about it?"

Mavis stooped over the collie without answering. He tried to lick her face. Then, lifting her head, she said slowly:

"Girl Scouts are square, Dad. You know that. I am going down to the *Chronicle* office, and advertise that I found him. And I'm going to pay for the advertisement out of my own allowance. I—I'd rather have six teeth pulled!" she broke off with a little catch in her throat. "Oh, dear, I wish it wasn't so hard to be honest! And I wish I didn't care more for Douglas than for everything else except you and Mother!"

For three weeks after her advertisement appeared in the *Chronicle*, Mavis watched the "Lost and Found" columns of every newspaper she could get hold of. Every day she would scan these columns with dread. Every day she would feel like singing aloud for sheer joy when she found no mention of a lost gold-white collie. Every day she and Douglas grew to be better pals. The dog was as necessary to her happiness as she was to his. He was her constant companion on her walks and at home. His gay cleverness and loyalty were a revelation to her.

The only lost dogs advertised anywhere in her city's papers, during that happy time, were two fox terriers and a "sable and white collie." For this collie's return a "liberal reward" was offered. At sight of the word "collie," Mavis had gasped and had felt sick. But the word "sable" reassured her. Sable meant black. She knew that. And nobody could call Douglas black. No, some black and white collie had been lost and was advertised. It was not her dear new chum.

Then one day as she was talking to her father she happened to mention this lost "sable and white" collie, and to say how sorry she was for his master. Mr. Roche told her, with evident regret, that the term "sable" was not used to designate a black collie, but a collie of any shade from pale yellow to dark brown.

Mavis sat, silent and white, for a minute, fighting a battle within herself—a battle so fierce as to make Douglas's fight with the police dogs seem like a peace conference. Then she picked up

the newspaper which had contained the advertisement every day for nearly a month. She jotted down the name and address of the advertiser. Then she whistled to Douglas and, without a word, left the house.

Half an hour later, she and the dog were ushered into the inner office of Mark Doreen, a corporation lawyer of vast local fame, an elderly and grim-faced man who, on word of their errand, had ordered them admitted to his private office. At sight of Douglas, and before the scared girl could speak, Doreen jumped excitedly to his feet.

"That's the dog!" he exclaimed. "I'd know him in a hundred. That's young Weatherview Chief. Thanks, young

(Continued on page 48)

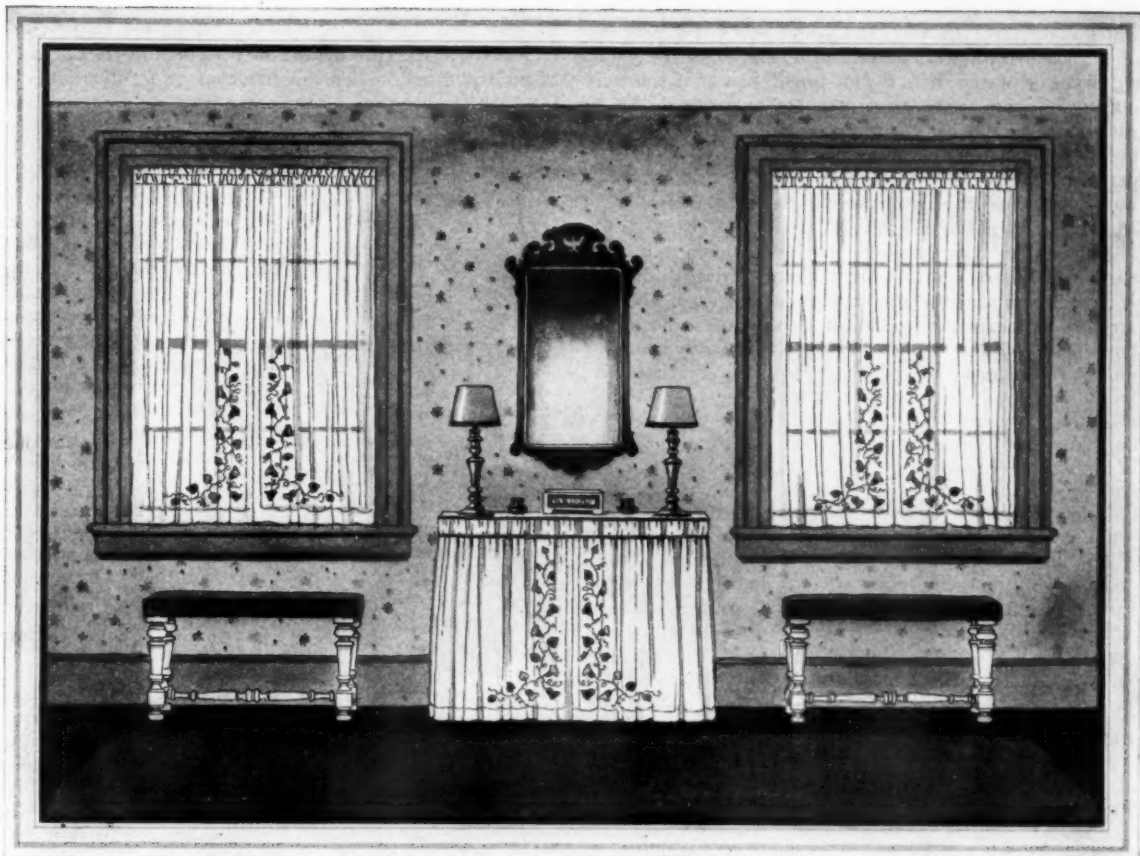
## "Tomboy!"

Well, she was at that—not that she had ever minded it much. She had too much to do, keeping ahead of three brothers, for anything else. But to be packed off to a French Seminary for Young Ladies—that was too much even for Georgianna. It is

*A Made-to-Order Story*

by

PHYLLIS DUGANNE



Curtains in a soft apricot shade with decorations of gay morning-glories in lavender and blue and coral. What could be lovelier for your room!

## “As Fresh as a May Morning”

*Your own room may be that, with fresh, delicate curtains and new paint, and a clever arrangement of lamps and mirrors and furniture*

IT'S AS fresh as a May morning.”

Someone said that a very long time ago. And everyone else will say it who ventures into your sunny room, with morning-glories trailing up the cool, crisp curtains, and the soft green of forests and spring meadows in walls and floor. Lots of you girls have your own rooms already, and many more are planning for them, as I know by all the letters about rooms that you wrote during the Girls' Own Room Contest last year. It only takes a little time, and a little paint, and a little patience, and out of the simplest fabrics and the most inexpensive furniture, you can evolve a room that will make all your friends exclaim admiringly.

First of all, I'm going to tell you about the room in the picture, so that you can see how easy it is to have lovely color and interesting handiwork about you. The walls are a soft apple green, in a starry wall-paper that gives you an out-of-doors feeling. The woodwork is painted the same color as the background of the paper. And the rug is plain green, of a still softer, deeper color, like grass in the meadows. The curtains and dressing-table hangings are of

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

Illustrations by J. M. Rosé

pale apricot-colored' voile, with a delicate tracery of morning-glory vines in pastel colors, lavender and blue and coral, and two shades of green. The stools

are painted bright blue, cushioned with soft brick-colored damask, and the mirror is mahogany. The shades for the dressing-table lamps are apricot-colored, with a blue border. Just shut your eyes and see if you can't imagine all that lovely color. And while you still have them shut, you are probably saying to yourself, “But I couldn't possibly have a room like that. It would cost too much.” The nicest thing about it is that it didn't cost very much. This is how you can make your room something like it.

If your room needs to be papered anyway, see that you choose the paper very carefully. Get a sample of it, and pin it up on your wall for two or three days, so that you can see whether you are going to like it. And get samples of your curtain material, and any other colors you are going to use in your room with it. Then watch the painter mix the paint for the woodwork, and be sure it is just like the background of your paper. So often people paint their rooms before they choose the paper, and have gray paint

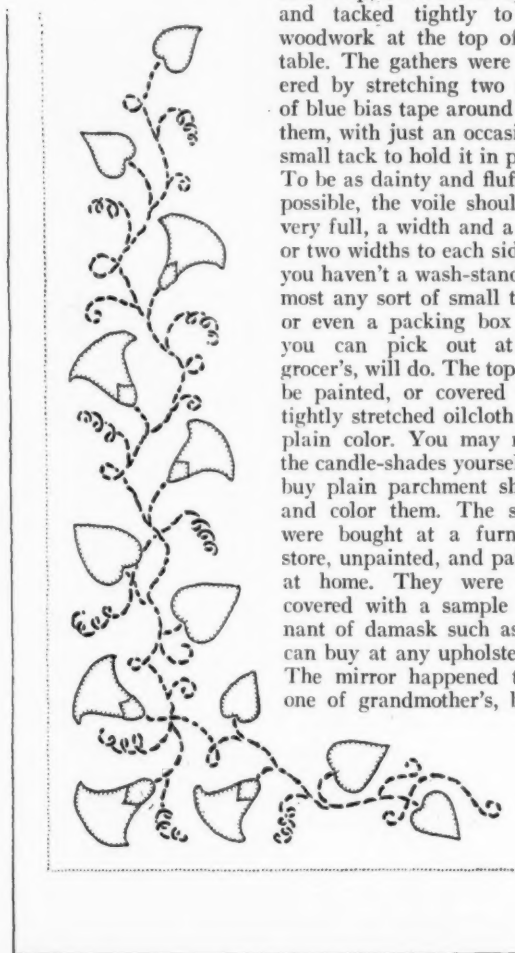


with a creamy paper, or creamy paint with a gray paper, which is dreadful! If you can't afford new paper, buy one of the water-color wall paints, and paint right over your old paper or plaster, with a wide brush, just as if you were putting on whitewash. These new fresco paints do not rub off as the old ones did, and it will cost very little to buy enough to paint your whole room. It is better to paint the woodwork with regular oil paint, and by the way, you should paint your woodwork before the walls, and be careful not to splash!

Unless your floor is a nice hardwood floor, stain it dark with linseed oil, or paint it black or dark brown. A dark floor makes the best background for rugs. There are lots of inexpensive plain rugs that can be bought nowadays, and they are in better taste than figured rugs, unless you happen to be lucky enough to have real Orientals. If you have an old rug that is still perfectly good, or a number of small odd ones, have them dyed dark green, or blue or brown, and you will be surprised at the result. We are still enjoying Navajo rugs that we had dyed black more than ten years ago, because they did not go well with our Colonial furniture in the original colors, and we could not buy new ones.

The dressing-table in the picture was made of an old-fashioned wash-stand, painted the same blue as the stools. First it was hung with slightly gathered flounces of white material cut from an old sheet, to make a background for the transparent voile. Then the voile was gathered twice

at the top, three inches apart, and tacked tightly to the woodwork at the top of the table. The gathers were covered by stretching two rows of blue bias tape around over them, with just an occasional small tack to hold it in place. To be as dainty and fluffy as possible, the voile should be very full, a width and a half or two widths to each side. If you haven't a wash-stand, almost any sort of small table, or even a packing box that you can pick out at the grocer's, will do. The top may be painted, or covered with tightly stretched oilcloth in a plain color. You may make the candle-shades yourself, or buy plain parchment shades and color them. The stools were bought at a furniture store, unpainted, and painted at home. They were then covered with a sample remnant of damask such as you can buy at any upholsterer's. The mirror happened to be one of grandmother's, but a

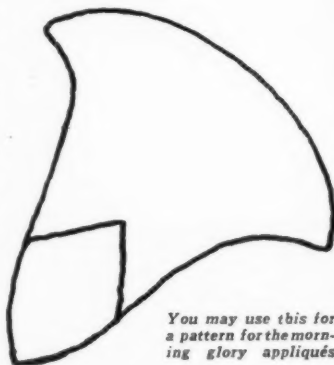


Arrange the leaves and flowers as though they were climbing a trellis

plain one, with the frame painted green and gold, would be very nice. You might take one off an old bureau.

I have left the curtains till the last, because they need the most explaining. They are made of two full widths of

apricot-colored voile, the length of the inside of the window-frame. The bottom hem is two and a half inches wide, the inside hem, one inch wide. At the top there is a one-inch ruffled heading, above the casing through which the rod is run. Two or three extra inches should be turned into the top hem, in case the curtains shrink when they are washed. A room can be spoiled by a curtain that does not reach the window-sill.



You may use this for a pattern for the morning glory appliques

After the curtain is hemmed, cut your morning-glories and leaves out of some firm material that does not fray easily, such as the everfast ginghams that come in such lovely plain colors. You can use scraps of things you have around the house, even though the materials are not all the same, but you ought to be sure they will wash well, and not fade in the sunlight. You will notice that the morning-glories are all cut from exactly the same pattern, and the leaves vary only in size. First draw designs for the one flower and calyx and three sizes of leaves on stiff paper, and cut them out. Then cut your material the exact size of these patterns, using lavender, blue and coral for flowers, and two shades of green for the leaves and calyxes. Next spread your curtain out flat, and experiment with laying on the pieces to be appliquéd, so that they will look as if they are really growing.

When you are satisfied, pin each leaf and flower in place, and button-hole-stitch it on with fine thread the color of the voile. The stitches can be about an eighth of an inch apart, if the material is firm. After this is done, lightly and carefully draw in the stems and tendrils, with a pencil, and outline them in a running stitch with heavy rope embroidery thread in green. Be sure that your thread is washable also, and that your knots and fastenings come under leaves and flowers, so that they will not show through the transparent voile. The hanging for the dressing-table is made in just the same way.

Now do you see how easy it is to make a lovely room at very small expense? And you probably have other ideas. Your curtains might be of pale green voile, with rows of yellow daffodils growing up along the bottom, or yellow voile with blue forget-me-nots—big ones of course—scattered around. Your dressing-table might be draped in a dozen ways, with chintz, or dotted swiss, or ruffled net. Your walls might be almost any pale color. And your rugs you might hook or crochet yourself. Perhaps the furniture you already have could be repainted.

If you are really interested in your room, watch the household magazines that come to your home, or that you can find in the library. Read books about color, and design, and good furniture. Talk to your art teacher, and work out some of your special problems with her help. When you are in houses that are really homelike and beautiful, see if you can tell what it is that makes them so. And before you know it, your own room will be homelike and beautiful too, a lovely background for the many happy hours you spend there.

Next month Helen Perry Curtis will tell how you can make different kinds of dressing-tables to use in your own room.



# Nan's Friends

*They were such jolly girls, Elise and Rosalie and the others who came to visit at the big house—it would be fun to know them, Nan thought*

By SOPHIE ANDRASSY

Illustrations by Frank Spradling

NAN was a picture of youthful earnestness as she trudged along the rough country road with the cans of milk that she brought every evening to the lofty Trevor house.

She shivered as a cool breeze fanned her hair and ruffled her loose blouse. It was too early in May to walk without a sweater, but she had come off without one in her haste to join the girls on the hilltop. She welcomed any excuse to visit these girls who were her own age but so different in every other way. They seemed mature and sophisticated in her limited understanding of the term.

Grey-eyed Nan knew that they considered her "very country" and that they probably would never think of asking her to join them in any of their fun, but she liked to be near them in spite of their indifference.

Elise Trevor and several of her friends had decided on a last minute house party when they were given an unexpected vacation after mid-term examinations. They were camped in the bare house for a week's fun and, to Nan's observant eyes, seemed to be enjoying thoroughly the sensation of roughing it. They had evidently never had to do anything for themselves before, and this experience was a new one.

As Nan approached the old mansion it seemed flooded with the mellow sunshine of early dusk. It was a low, rambling place with numerous porches and balconies, and had been built a good many years ago by the Farmer Beaumont who had married a beautiful Spanish woman with

plenty of excellent Spanish gold.

Peter Beaumont could not have known those long years ago that some day his solid walls would stand on the outside fringe of a famous artist colony. Yet that is what happened, and the home that he built for his Spanish wife became a show place in the community.

It now belonged to Judge Trevor, a jurist and the father of Elise. He had bought it for a summer place but his wife and daughter preferred Europe and Maine, so that Fairport saw little of the Trevors.

Nan could not imagine a home more imposing than the Trevor home in Fairport. It seemed, too, the symbol of wealth and contentment. No one knew better than she the other side of such a picture. Nan had always worked hard and had never enjoyed any real luxury. Yet she had been happy enough, but for one thing—she was always so alone.

As she drew near-

er, the sound of gay voices and laughter came out to meet her. She stood and listened to the uneven sounds and felt a prickling hotness on her face and a lump in her throat.

She was lonely—she wanted to laugh with someone and have someone laugh with her, but there was no one to laugh with, unless Rosalie—Nan flushed and hurried around to the side of the house.

Elise Trevor had been as gay as the rest of the girls gathered in the low-ceilinged kitchen, but she looked up quickly over the egg-beater she had been struggling with, and frowned at the interloper standing in the doorway.



*Nan did not hear her. The apparition was moving slowly toward the corner of the house*

"Well, you're here at last, Nan. We've been waiting for the milk. I wish you had hurried a little today."

Nan stammered uncomfortably, "I—I'm sorry, but I—I couldn't come—any sooner."

Elise did not seem to hear, but the other girls were looking at her, as if she were some strange being. Nan bit her lip nervously and turned to go. This was the third night that she had come here, and none of the girls seemed friendly except one whom they called Rosalie, and she was not in sight.

Nan knew that she was poor and that she was not well educated, but she could not understand the indifference of Elise and her friends to anyone not within their own little circle.

Of course they went to a fashionable boarding school and invited each other to house-parties on the holidays. Nan felt her throat tighten. She had never been on a house-party in all her life, and had never seen a boarding school.

Just as she turned to the doorway she heard her name called, "Nan, Nan, wait a bit! I'm going with you." It was Rosalie—pretty, curly-headed Rosalie, standing on the broad stairs that led to the second floor on the left side of the house. She held three or four bulky letters in her hand.

"Wait a minute till I get a scarf. I'm going to the village to mail these." She pointed to the letters. "You won't mind if I walk part of the way with you?" she added as an afterthought.

Nan was delighted. "I love to walk. I'll go along to Fairport with you. I'd like to, really."

Rosalie had raced into the next room, and come out with Elise's bright red sweater. "Ready," she said and glanced around the room. "Anyone want anything from the village? No? Well, come on, Nan."

The evening had grown cooler in the few minutes that Nan had been within doors; she shivered slightly.

"You poor dear," said Rosalie. "Here, take part of my sweater."

Nan had never shared anyone's sweater before and had not the least idea how it was done. She shook her head at the invitation.

"Nonsense," said Rosalie, slipping her left arm out of the sweater sleeve and putting her arm about Nan's waist. "Now pull your side over your shoulder, and we'll both be comfortable. It's much nicer to walk this way, too."

Wonderingly, Nan obeyed Rosalie.

The girls walked along arm in arm for some minutes without speaking. Nan knew that she was very happy. She looked out over the broad expanse of river that flowed parallel with the road they were traversing. It seemed to Nan like a broad ribbon of shimmering satin with one end shirred into quivering ripples where the rapids churned a half mile away.

She was about to call her companion's attention to the shining rift of water and tell her about the jagged rocks beneath, when Rosalie suddenly drew a deep breath and pointed across the river to the tree-covered hills and abandoned quarries that were reflecting the full glow of dusk. The young leaves and shoots of early spring looked black in the distance, while the somber lead blues and burnt oranges of the stone pits were dazzling with their borrowed sheen.

"Look," she whispered, "look over there. Have you ever in your life seen anything as beautiful as that?"

Nan looked. It was a familiar scene,

but she understood her new friend's wonder at it.

"It is beautiful," she said.

"Nan, tell me about these quarries, and about these woods. Do the artists around here paint them? Have you ever seen them at work?"

"Well," she pointed to a quarry about a quarter mile up the river. "Mr. Garber painted that one for the exhibition last year."

"Mr. Garber, the famous landscape painter? Oh, Nan, does he live here, too?"

"You know Dad's an artist," Rosalie said after a few moments, and somehow lonely Nan felt that this confidence cemented the friendship between them.

She wriggled contentedly in her portion of the borrowed sweater.

The next afternoon they were walking again, not on the road, but along the beaten tow-path between the river and the canal. It was a mild sunny afternoon, and the still clear water of the canal on the one hand and the rushing current of the river on the other, beckoned a voluble invitation to the girls on the bank.

"Do you swim, Nan?"

"Yes, do you?"

"A little, but I'm not very good."

"I know what we'll do. We'll go down by the river and out to those rocks near the middle," she pointed to a string of rocks and boulders that jutted up and down unevenly halfway across the river, "and then we'll put our feet in the water for the fishes to nibble on."

Nan laughed, "All right, but I can't stay long. I don't want to be late with the milk to-night."

Rosalie flushed at the memory of Elise's sharp words. "You mustn't mind Elise. I'm sure she didn't mean to be rude."

Nan said nothing and they spoke no more of Elise as they picked their way over the rocks to a seat in the middle of the river.

They sat for some time idly plashing their feet in the cool water and talking dreamily of unimportant things.

The river extended on both sides as far as they could see, smooth with hardly a ripple to break its surface, yet underneath, moving sinuously, was the swift current. Nan watched the sun-flecked undulations until they were swallowed by the horizon and the churning rift of the white-capped rapids just above it.

"We went canoeing this morning," said Rosalie. "I always considered myself a good paddler, but it's hard going on this river."

"The canal is better," said Nan, poking a busy fish on the nose.

"The canal is too tame," responded Rosalie.

They soon scrambled back over the rocks and started on the way home. They were laughing gaily as they approached the Trevor house, and when they came in sight of it, Rosalie said, "Do come in and keep me company; all the girls are in town this afternoon."

Nan wanted to go in, besides she had never seen the inside of the mansion except for the big, old-fashioned kitchen. "Only for a few minutes, Rosalie," she said.

It was now late afternoon and shadows were beginning to fall. Nan knew that already there would be a long, narrow shadow on the other side of the house like a great darkening blot.

It was just a casual thought, but at





that moment her quick eye caught an unaccustomed patch of darkness against the house on the side that they were approaching. She would have forgotten it in another moment, if it had not suddenly shifted its position.

Nan looked at it curiously; it lost its indefinite shape and resembled the grotesque form of a man. The shoulders were hunched, the arms appeared outstretched against the side of the house, and the large head seemed out of all proportion to the rest of the body. Nan rather enjoyed the man she

As she turned to the doorway, she heard her name called. "Nan, Nan, wait a bit! I'm going with you"

had concocted from an afternoon shadow; it was like discovering figures in clouds on a clear day.

She was about to call Rosalie's attention to her shadow-man when suddenly the blot-like thing she had been watching moved stealthily.

"Oh," she gasped in a whisper.

"What is it?" asked Rosalie quickly.

Nan did not hear her. The apparition was moving slowly, slowly to the corner of the house. It moved so slowly that Nan could not be sure it moved at all. She blinked and opened her eyes to find it gone.

She laughed ruefully.

"What is the matter, Nan?" asked Rosalie in a surprised voice.

"Why—over there," she pointed vaguely. "There was something over there—by the house."

"Something?" Rosalie teased, laughing incredulously.

"Yes,—it moved."

"Where is it?"

"It's gone now."

"A shadow, Nan?"

"I—suppose so," she faltered. "But it's gone now."

"You must be seeing things."

"I—don't know." Nan was beginning to wonder if she had actually seen anything at all. It had been very real a minute before. Where had it disappeared? She hesitated as if to solve the mystery, but Rosalie pulled her along with, "Stop day-dreaming, Nan. Let's go inside."

They went through the impressive front door. Nan remembered having seen a uniformed doorman preside over this entrance several summers ago when the Trevors were there.

Then they passed through the reception room into a great living room. There was a stone fireplace on one side, and a broad staircase on the other. A long Italian table was in the middle of the room.

Nan went over to the fireplace and read the inscription that had been cut into the stone.

PETER AND DOLORES BEAUMONT

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

MDCCLV

She thought of the beautiful Spanish wife and wondered how she had accustomed herself to the rough, country life

of the middle fifties. She also wondered what sort of man Peter Beaumont had been to win such a prize of beauty and wealth.

As she looked eagerly about she tried to imagine the same room seventy years ago. There must have been a heavy mahogany table surrounded by carved, deep-seated chairs, and an ornate sideboard, with a massive highboy, topped with sparkling glassware. Nan knew that colorful paintings brightened the dark walls like the scarlet on a blackbird's wing, and that fringed scarfs were draped over two heavy and mysterious looking chests.

As she stood dreaming, she became conscious of a quick step behind her and turned, half expecting to meet Dolores Beaumont, Dolores, with flashing teeth and brilliant eyes.

It was Rosalie. She laughed, and looked around quickly, trying to recapture her lost picture.

"It's dismal, isn't it?" asked Rosalie shivering a little.

"I love it," answered Nan enthusiastically. "It must have been wonderful once."

"Perhaps, but I shouldn't care about living here. Would you?"

"I'd live here forever if I only could."

As they stood there, Nan heard shrill voices approaching the house.

"They're coming home, Rosalie," she said. "I must run now, I'll be back soon." And she was out of the house and part way up



the road before the party of girls behind her had arrived.

An hour later she was retracing her steps up the hill. She walked slowly, thinking of the new happiness of her friendship with Rosalie. Nan's sixteen years had been

(Continued on page 60)





Photographs by Dana Merrill

A young girl with beautiful hands gracefully and graciously preparing the salad at the dinner table is one of my most delightful memory pictures

# The Art of Salad Making

*And a gracious art it is, too, for by the daintiness and flavor of her salads you may know the good cook and the thoughtful hostess*

**S**PRING is here and it is time for us to look to our salads if we wish to number ourselves

among the envied possessors of that treasure above price—a beautiful complexion. Complexions are too often made or marred in the dining room. For one of the chief causes back of a good complexion is the food we eat and one of the best foods for the complexion is the salad made from fresh green leaves. Among the leaves that are noted for their good qualities for salads are lettuce and cabbage. There are many others but these two are in the market all the year and available to everyone. Therefore we place them at the head of the list.

There are several reasons why salads will help to make a rosy, satin-smooth skin. First, green leaves contain those health factors that I am always telling you about—vitamins A, B, C, and D. These vitamins all help to keep the body healthy, but A and D seem to play a most special part in keeping the skin, hair, and nails smooth, sleek and generally healthy.

Next, they are rich in iron for the blood which gives the skin that glow and color which is beyond price; in calcium, which means white gleaming teeth; in phosphorous and other minerals which help to keep the machinery of the body in good running condition.

Third, these green leaves contain much fibre or roughage which, by helping to sweep the intestines free of the poisons that collect there, helps keep the blood healthy and in good condition and the skin clear.

By WINIFRED MOSES

Fourth, every day's dietary should contain at least one raw food. In what more delightful form

can it appear than that of a crisp, cool salad deliciously flavored and delightful to look upon.

One of my most delightful memory pictures is that of a young girl with very beautiful hands gracefully and graciously preparing the salad at the dinner table, while the guests talked, amply repaid by this unusual picture of leisurely hospitality. On the table before her were the salad plates, a bowl of lettuce, the salad fork and spoon, cruets containing oil and vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and paprika and the flat dish or plate in which she was to make the dressing. First, she measured the salt and pepper into this dish, then poured on the oil bit by bit, stirring or rubbing it into the seasonings and then added the vinegar. When the dressing was mixed to her satisfaction, leaf by leaf the lettuce was turned and tossed, in it and placed upon the salad plates.

The French are also past masters in the gracious art of salad making. When a Frenchman makes a lettuce salad, he first rubs the salad bowl with the cut surface of a clove of garlic, not too much, just enough to give that delicious flavor that does not seem at all like garlic. Next he rubs both sides of a slice of whole wheat bread with this same garlic and puts it into the bottom of the bowl. This is to collect any surplus dressing and is one of the most delicious morsels of the salad. Then the lettuce goes in, perfectly dry and crisp and then the oil, here and there, drop by

drop, until each leaf has a thin coating. Next the vinegar. The salt and pepper I cannot remember whether he puts on before or after the oil and vinegar. That you have to experiment on and find out for yourself. Then the lettuce receives a final tossing and is transferred at once to the individual salad plates.

Lettuce for salad should always be thoroughly dried beforehand—which brings me to my second story. Once upon a time a lady asked a noted Frenchman to dine. When the time for the salad course arrived, a big bowl of dripping lettuce and the necessary ingredients for the salad dressing were placed upon the table and the lady said, "O, Monsieur G., the French make such delicious salads at the table, I am wondering if you will favor us by preparing and serving the salad tonight." Monsieur G. of course assented. First he asked for a clean napkin, took every leaf from the bowl and patted it dry on the napkin. Then he tipped the bowl upside down, drained out the water and wiped the bowl dry with his napkin. After these preliminaries he proceeded to make his salad. This was Monsieur G.'s way of saying that lettuce should be thoroughly dry before making the salad.

As you may begin to see, there are a few rules that must be followed if you are to attain fame as a successful salad maker. First, a salad must be dry, crisp and cold. When lettuce or other salad greens come from the market, they should be met at the door and given immediate attention. If it is lettuce that has just arrived, everyone of the soiled outside leaves should be removed down to the clean heart leaves. This heart is put into a container or a damp cloth, —the container is better. The leaves that are not usable go to the garbage can and the soiled leaves into a pan of cold water where they are thoroughly washed and rinsed and then put on top of the lettuce heart in the container. There will be enough moisture on these leaves to keep the lettuce from wilting. The container is then covered and put in the refrigerator. Treated in this manner, lettuce will keep for a week or longer. Celery, Chinese cabbage, chicory and other greens should be cleaned and kept in the same way. Parsley and cress must be kept in water but are apt to turn yellow if kept in the dark. You probably all know the rule that hot dishes must be served hot and cold dishes cold. And a salad is one of the dishes that must be served cold—very cold; therefore all the ingredients must be kept in the refrigerator or some other very cold place up to the moment the salad is to be made. If possible the salad should not be made until just before it is to be served. If it must be prepared beforehand it should be kept in a cold place where it will not dry out or wilt.

In mixing a salad there are two, perhaps three, pitfalls

to be avoided. The first is to use just enough dressing—neither too much nor too little—the first makes a sloppy salad; the second, one that is dry and unappetizing. Next, cut pieces of fruit or vegetables in uniform sizes and not too small; and third, when mixing the ingredients, toss them together as lightly as possible. Do not stir them. This is fatal and warranted to give that mushy appearance which is so unattractive in salads. Lastly, if individual salads are to be served, arrange them properly on the plates. When finished a salad should have the aspect of a beautiful picture. The rim of the plate should form the frame, the lettuce or other leaves the background, and the other ingredients the foreground of the picture. This means that the lettuce should fill only the central part of the plate. It should not extend up on the rim, much less beyond or drip over the edge as, alas, salads are prone to do. That is, the plate must be large enough for the salad. This brings me to the point where I must tell you that there are two kinds of salads: the dinner salad and the luncheon salad.

The dinner salad, because it is served at a heavy meal, is usually small and light. Therefore, a small plate may be used for this salad. It is usually made of lettuce and other salad greens, though tomatoes and cucumbers are also in order. French dressing is used in preference to mayonnaise for the dinner salad. On the other hand, the luncheon salad often forms the main dish of the meal. It is therefore larger than the dinner salad, requires a larger plate and may include heavier ingredients such as meat, fish, eggs, potatoes, and other starchy vegetables and may be mixed with mayonnaise if desired.

And now for a recipe or two upon which to train your salad hand. Of the making of salads there is no end. I could give you one for every day in the year. But I shall content myself with three, beginning with cabbage salad. Cabbage is one of our most useful vegetables, inexpensive, in the market all the year and containing some of our most valuable food factors, perhaps the most notable of which is vitamin C. This vitamin C, however, is destroyed when cabbage is cooked, so if we are to get the full value from our cabbage we should eat it raw. For these reasons I am giving you a recipe for a most delicious cabbage salad and one that can be varied almost endlessly.

### Cabbage Salad

- |   |                                 |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 2 cups shredded cabbage                     | 1 teaspoon or more mustard seed |
| 1 cup celery cut Julienne                   | salt and pepper to taste        |
| 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper           | 3 tablespoons salad oil         |
| 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup or horse radish | 1 tablespoon vinegar            |
|   | mayonnaise                      |

(Continued on page 52)



Containers from Lewis & Conger, New York

It is a good idea to collect your ingredients and arrange them conveniently close at hand before you begin to mix your French dressing



Could she reach that little figure before it should slip from its place of danger? Barbara made a last effort

For what has happened so far in this story see page fifty-nine

## Upstairs, Downstairs

*In which the mysterious White Lady appears to Lily-bell, Barbara makes a friend and Julie faces the mystery of her mother's life*

**B**UT, CARLISLE, I don't think she was so entirely to blame as you seem to think!"

"Of course she was to blame, Renée D'Auberville! She's the most stupid, the most unattractive, the most awful girl I've ever met!"

Barbara paused, her hand upon the door-knob of her room. Quite audibly, Renée's half-hearted protest and Carlisle's shrill answer came to her. She hesitated miserably, although she needed the French book she had forgotten and the class bell would sound in a moment or so. For three days now, ever since that first unfortunate evening, she had been under the ban of her room mates' displeasure although, to do her justice, Renée's hot temper had soon cooled and she would have relented before this had not Carlisle kept up a running fire of bitter remarks and sullen glances.

"But she couldn't help it when Old Constitution had to sail over and turn on the light to satisfy her suspicious mind that we were all really in bed!" said Renée. "And she couldn't help it when Fatty had to go and let out an especially loud groan just at that time, either! Could she?"

By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

Illustrations by Mildred Ann Owen

"But she could help bein' so slow about ducking into bed!" retorted Carlisle angrily. "And what about her answering Mrs. Lawtry! Why, any fool would

have known enough to have kept quiet!"

"Well, that," said Renée judiciously, "was rathah stupid!"

"Stupid!" raged Carlisle. "It was contemptible! 'What's that?'" The girl mimicked Mrs. Lawtry's deep tones. "It's one of the girls—underneath my bed!" Here Carlisle's voice froze into Barbara's curt, brief tone. "Honestly, I shouldn't think Fatty would ever have forgiven her! Yellow tattle-tale!"

"Fatty did forgive her—Barbara went to her and apologized—said she was so upset and nervous she blurted it out without thinkin'—she felt badly about it, Barbara did!" Here Renée yawned. "Let's fo'git it, Ca'lisle, old girl! It was jes' ouah ha'd luck your shoe happened to be stickin' out from beneath the covahs for Mrs. Lawtry to pounce upon! I'll nevah," here Renée stopped to giggle, "fo'git as long as I live how Fatty looked when Old Constitution had pried her out from between the steamah trunk



and the wall! The smudges on Fatty's face and the way she rolled her eyes, as tho' she were somebody's pet poodle, due fo' a beatin'!"

But Carlisle's ire could not be diverted. And to make matters worse, before Barbara could move, she crossed the room at this instant and threw open the door.

"So," disdainfully she stepped past the scarlet-faced new pupil, "eaves-dropping is added to the rest of your—attractions, I see!"

"Oh, Ca'lisle!" Renée's face was almost as crimson as Barbara's from sudden sympathy.

Carlisle, however, swept away to her gym class unheeding.

"Come in, Barbara," added Renée in quick kindness. "Did you fo'git somethin'?"

"My French book," mumbled Barbara, going over rather blindly to the table where it lay. She stood for a moment with her back to the other girl and in the little silence which followed, Renée could see her thin shoulders move convulsively. Renée sped to her side.

"You mustn't mind Ca'lisle," she said, jerking at Barbara's arm. "She is really a fine girl, —when she's not mad at anything!"

Barbara winked back the big tears that would persist in rolling down her cheeks. "I—don't mind her," she answered gruffly. "That is, not much. It's just—oh, I'd like to see my father!"

Renée looked up at her compassionately. "You're homesick," she diagnosed. "We all were—after the excitement and the newness wore off. Even I, though I haven't a soul except Mr. Chartres to be homesick for! And Aunt Pinky, of co'se!

Anyway, we were all homesick at once, which is less lonely, and soon we had selected our special friends and had paired off. "Isn't there," she hesitated, for she was rather afraid, than otherwise, of this tall, dignified, curt-speaking girl, "isn't there anyone you'd like for your friend? For your special friend, I mean? Perhaps I could go speak to her—tell her

you liked her, you know, or something, so she'd be nice to you."

Quite unexpectedly, Barbara dried her eyes and laughed down into the smaller girl's earnest face.

"You're a peach," she said gratefully. "There is one girl, but I'm afraid it wouldn't do much good for you to speak to her about me."

"You never can tell!" urged Renée.

"Who is it?"

"Carlisle!" said Barbara grimly.

"Ca'lisle!" Renée's mouth remained open in her surprise. "Oh, she would nevah—I mean, she doesn't like—oh, that's too bad!"

"Isn't it the irony of fate that I'd like the one person in school who didn't like me!" responded Barbara. But now that she had discussed her troubles, she felt better. She looked down at Renée with real liking. "Don't you worry about me," she said, "I'll grub along somehow!"

"You see," explained Renée confidentially, as they moved out of the room in obedience to the class bell summoning them, "Ca'lisle's been an honah girl evah since she came—passed above ninety in all her studies and nevah had a demerit. So that, instead of having to walk out two by two, as the rest of us do, she's had the privilege of taking her daily walk alone, with an-othah honah girl. That's Miss Luval's method of reward. But now, with Mrs. Lawtry's giving us all three demerits, poor Ca'lisle's back in the ranks, which is what peeves her and makes her blame you."

"I see," answered Barbara slowly. "And I, in turn, can hardly blame her for not liking me, though truly," she gave a rueful laugh, "I didn't mean to make trouble that night."

"Of co'se you didn't!" returned Renée promptly. "Well, good-bye for now—Ah'll see you latah!" And nodding,

she turned in at her classroom, while Barbara hurrying down the corridor toward the French room, pondered the problem of getting her room-mates out of the scrape she unwittingly had got them into.

Carlisle, herself stood irresolutely before the gym door, then turned away and went upstairs instead.

"I'll just take a cut," she said to herself, "not that it makes much difference now whether I do or not."

She climbed to the visitors' gallery that ran around the gym, and went over to the window seat at one end. There would be no one there just now, and she wanted to be by herself for a while.

Downstairs girls in gym suits were coming out of the locker room for a basketball practice.

"We bid for Carlisle on our side," it was Julie's high-pitched voice.

"You can't have her. She promised us yesterday morning!" Helen was positive in her assertion.



"She hasn't come anyhow, so I suppose we can get along without her for once." Kitty's voice had a sarcastic edge. "You'd think this school couldn't do anything at all without Carlisle. We got along well enough without her last year."

"But it's so much more fun when Carlisle is here," said Julie.

The words were like balm on Carlisle's irritation. They did like her. She had showed Kitty that she could get along without her friendship. She promised herself that angrily when she first came and Kitty and Grace had obviously snubbed her.

She had showed them all—her family too, for she had been the school's honor student at the end of the first semester. If she could keep her place until June, she would win a partial scholarship for next year, and it wouldn't mean so much sacrifice for mother, either.

The scholarship—her irritation returned. There were those demerits. The scholarship student was supposed to have a clear record. If only that lump of a Barbara hadn't come. A whole term's work for nothing! She couldn't tell Renée about it. A few hundred dollars wouldn't mean anything to her—or to Barbara or to any of the others.

"Well, I won't give up," she said to herself as the bell for the end of the period rang. "I'll be so good they'll just have to give it to me."

All that day Barbara was preoccupied; but evening found her with her outlined course of action fully decided upon. She would go to Mrs. Lawtry, tell her the circumstances and ask her to give her, Barbara, all the demerits that lady had bestowed upon the others! Dusk, therefore, discovered her tapping rather breathlessly at Mrs. Lawtry's door. She entered abruptly, before her courage should give out, at the teacher's brusque invitation.

Mrs. Lawtry's room was a small, low-ceilinged one which, though next to the morning room, that chintz-hung place of Barbara's first Harwood Hall moments, had none of its airiness or charm. This the girl soon discovered was due to the fact that the windows were

hung with some dark, heavy stuff which, excluding light and air, had much the same effect upon the room, Barbara thought, that Mrs. Lawtry had upon those with whom she came into contact—a disagreeable, depressing effect. And to be sure, the expression upon the teacher's face, as she looked up from her sewing, was far from encouraging.

"What is it?" she asked impatiently. "This is the recreation hour, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered Barbara hurriedly. "I'm awfully sorry to bother you; but I've—I've been wondering if you'd give me those demerits instead of Renée and Fat—I mean, Susan,—and Carlisle?"

"Demerits? Carlisle?" Still impatiently, Mrs. Lawtry repeated it.

"Yes. Don't you remember? The other night, when I had just arrived."

"Oh, that!" Mrs. Lawtry looked at Barbara sharply. "But it wasn't your fault," she said coldly. "You were not to blame because they disobeyed rules which they knew quite well. They knew they were in the wrong."

"But I really was! If I hadn't been there, they would not have broken the rules by staying up to talk to me!" explained Barbara eagerly.

"Come, come, that's rather far-fetched and absurd," and Mrs. Lawtry bit off a thread with a click of her teeth. "You are wasting your time and mine. Good-night!"

And with a little wry grimace, Barbara realized, as soon as she left the room, that she had not helped matters at all.

But the next morning how different was the greeting which met her as she stepped across the threshold of Miss Luval's door at the hour set apart by the principal for her chats with her girls! And how different was the understanding silence that met her recital of her perplexities. When Barbara had told Miss Luval everything, even her approaching of Mrs. Lawtry and the latter's curt denial of her request to allow her to shoulder the blame, she took a long breath and looked around the big, sunny office. Here was peace and wisdom, one felt, and on the broad-silled windows, beauty in

(Continued on page 54)



"Your mother's name is Gail," he repeated. "And you look like your mother"



Everybody ran around waiting on me—the home team. Father called the family

## “I Am a Girl Who—

*is spoiled, and I love it, and I'd probably go on being it forever if it didn't cost so much—and if old Mrs. Pruyn hadn't had hysterics”*

**W**HEN I say I am the family favorite, I'm not boasting. I'm not com-

*Illustration by Mildred Ann Owen*

It was like being Aladdin with four lamps instead of one.

plaining, either, because I like being made a fuss over all the time, and I lap up people's attention like a tabby cat laps up cream.

What I don't like is that all this nice soft easy time I've been having is going to have to stop, and I'll have to stop it myself.

It started four months ago when I was ill with double pneumonia. That wasn't fun. I was terribly sick. The family thought I was going to die, and so did the doctor, and I was so miserable that I didn't think anything about it at all. I can remember dimly hearing my father say to the doctor, “We're going to pull her through.”

And once when I must have been the worst, my mother was leaning over me, saying over and over, “You must get well, you must get well.”

And I did get better. Daddy said it was team work that did it—the home team, he used to call the family when I was well enough to sit up and everybody was running around waiting on me. It *was* the team work, too, I suppose, for Mother made herself into a trained nurse, and Father took turns with her; Jack, my brother, who is a year older than I, ran to the store sixteen times a day and shushed and chased away the neighbors' children when they were noisy outside; and my sister Dorothy—she is two years younger than I am—practically ran the house, doing the cooking and cleaning besides running errands for Mother.

Even after the crisis when the doctor said, “Peggy will be fine now; just feed her nourishing food and give her plenty of fresh air,” they kept on nursing me. Finally he said, “You must let up a bit, or you'll be patients yourselves.”

But did they stop? They did not. They kept dancing attention on me. They waited on me hand and foot. And I loved it. Every wish I had was carried out immediately.

everybody did for me, the more I seemed to need and want things done for me. I got used to depending on my family for everything.

Far into my convalescence, Dorothy would come to my room just as soon as she got home from school and keep me company. Then when she wanted to go out and play with her friends, I was so used to having her, that I felt terribly hurt.

Jack would collect funny stories and jokes to make me laugh, and later he took me out to the park for an hour in the sun. You know how big brothers are usually. They never pay you a bit of attention. I think I liked being looked after by Jack more than anything. Then one day I suppose he decided I was well enough to look after myself, and he didn't come home for me. I'm ashamed to say that I was such a cry baby about it that Mother said I was still an invalid and should be humored, and he was sorry about it and was extra nice the next day.

That was the way it went with almost everything.

Of course, I know this sounds as if I were a bum sport to sit back and take everything like that. But it wasn't all my fault either. When everybody treats you as if you were something rare and delicate you soon get to thinking you are, and that it's no more than right that everybody should be especially considerate of you.

When I first went back to school, I had missed so much that the doctor said I wasn't to try to make up anything this semester, and to take only two subjects. The teachers were nice about it, and I was excused from all home work. The neighbors were as helpful as everybody else. I couldn't put my foot out of the house without having someone stop in a car and offer to drive me where I was going. Aunt Fanny had got used to sending me over custards and jellies and she just kept it up; and I kept on enjoying them, too.

*(Continued on page 49)*





*At the start of a pitch, this position should be taken*



*Then the right arm is swung back and the left arm forward before the ball leaves the hand*



*As the ball is pitched, the direction of the hands is reversed—right, forward; left, back*

## Can a Girl Learn to Pitch?

**C**AN A girl learn to pitch?  
Can a girl learn to catch?

Why not? Especially if she has been able to develop her throwing, as so many of you have since this series started in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

The ball you are to use should be the regulation indoor baseball—twelve inches in circumference. This ball is larger and softer than the boys' baseball, and may be bought at any sporting goods store. It is the kind used by schools and colleges wherever girls' baseball is played.

In throwing the baseball, the left foot is placed eight or ten inches in advance of the right and the right hand, holding the ball, is drawn back until it is well behind and slightly above the right shoulder, as shown in the illustration at the bottom of the page. The trunk is rotated to the right. The left hand is extended forward in the direction of the throw. The ball is carried forward forcibly, the trunk is rotated to the left, and the left arm is carried back. Throwing differs from pitching in that the ball is thrown over-hand, instead of under-hand. The three illustrations at the top of the page show pitching positions. The first position is shown in the first illustration. Then the ball is carried in the right hand down and back of the right hip, and the trunk is rotated to the right, as in the second picture. As the ball leaves the

By LEONORA ANDERSEN

hand—and remember, pitching is always done under-hand—the arm is swung forward and up and a step forward is taken with the left foot. The arm must always travel in the line parallel with the line of direction of the ball. The trunk is rotated to the left and the left arm is swung back as in the third illustration.

An interesting way in which to test the accuracy of your throwing and pitching is with a target such as has been in

use in the training school of the Illinois State Normal University for a number of years. This target is easily made of wood, set up on a frame. It is thirty by thirty-six inches with its lower edge six inches from the ground. Three rectangles are marked on it as in the diagram on page 53. The inner rectangle is six by twelve inches, the second extends six inches beyond the first on all sides, and the outer border is six inches from the second rectangle.

The center rectangle has been sawed out so that in scoring five points the ball must go through the opening. Draw a line thirty feet from the target. The girl taking the test stands with her heels on the line as the pitcher would heel the rear line of the pitcher's box. The under-hand throw is used and the contestant takes one step forward in throwing.

Each contestant is given five  
(Continued on page 53)



*In throwing, the ball is held this way, above the shoulder*

# Worthy and Worth the Wearing

**I**N THE pleasant partnership between you and your clothes, two things are important. The clothes must be agreeable and you must cooperate.

I never felt that the old Girl Scout uniform, however much we loved it, quite did its part. It was serviceable and sturdy and practical, but it didn't give one much opportunity to compliment it on its good looks.

But I do like the new uniform. I can talk about its color and its material and its cut with real enthusiasm. In fact it's so nice that already I'm beginning to worry about the other part of the partnership.

When the editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* sent down a copy for me to look at, I immediately began to remember a favorite dress I once had which was exactly that shade of frosty green and which I adored till its elbows wore out—and even after—for I patched them and continued to wear it. And I said to myself "I guess I'll see how I'd look in that uniform" (which is after all the greatest tribute anyone ever can pay to any dress). So I climbed into it (size fourteen) and took a look at myself. And, you know, I looked grand. I was so pleased. But at the same time I was conscious of one thing. It's a clever uniform. It will do well by you—but you have to do well by it. What I mean to say is, it demands *wearing*.

"Hazel Rawson Cades," I said to myself after one look, "stand up and hold your tummy in!" For, would you believe it, those tricky inverted pleats in the back, which on a straight back are so smart, look simply awful if you forget and hump over! I saw that fast enough. Also, you simply *must* hold your shoulders down and your head up and chin in. That type of collar looks its best only when it feels the neck very close against it in the back.

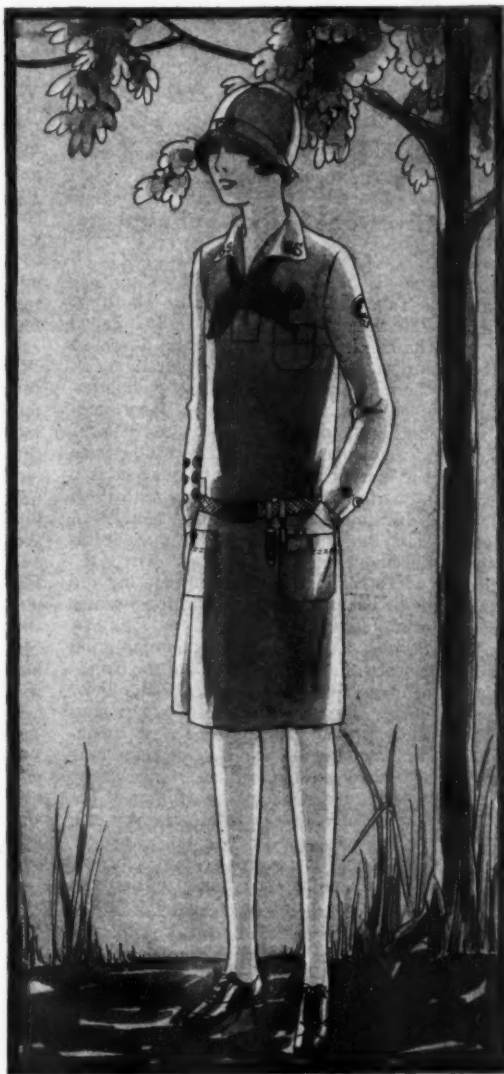
You see now why I mentioned the fact that you and your clothes are a *partnership*. The smartest frock in the world can't do it all alone. And the better looking the uniform the more incentive there is to doing it justice—that's how I see it. The *worthy* you and the clothes *worth* wearing. That is the ideal arrangement.

Only one adaptation of the uniform, I should say, would be necessary to make it suit all figures. I think it's the type of dress that looks best hanging straight and for almost

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, *The Woman's Home Companion*

Illustration by Katherine Shane



The new Girl Scout uniform is a lovely shade of frosty green

every figure the belt should be worn moderately loose and just a little below the normal waistline. If you happen to be a little longer or shorter-waisted than normal, you can simply rip the little straps that hold your belt and sew them higher or lower to make the belt come where it should. Be sure not to draw the belt too tightly. This spoils the nice straight lines of the dress.

The material is designed to wear well and keep its shape, but don't overlook the necessity of hanging up your uniform when you take it off. Ordinarily, wrinkles will evaporate this way. If they don't, dampen the cloth slightly on the wrong side and press with a moderately hot iron. Pay special attention to the pleats, pinning them so they will be flat to press. If you keep them well set, it will add a hundred per cent to the looks of your uniform.

If you get spots on your uniform take a damp cloth and try to remove them immediately. Follow with a warm iron. If water doesn't work, try a little white soap and water, followed by plain water and the iron.

One thing that lots of people overlook, I find, is the inside of their collars. It sounds horrid but, as a matter of fact, few of us keep the backs of our necks as clean as we should. It's so awkward to get at them, and although they are really as much exposed to dust as our faces and get frightfully dirty, we consistently neglect them. Then they rub all the time on our collars and before we know it the insides of the collars are grimy. Look to your neck!

The new hat is smart, don't you think? I can see that it

might be becoming to some girls worn with the brim straight, and to others with the brim turned up in the back. Whichever way you choose, be sure to wear the hat well down on the head and not too far back and not tilted. Also when you put your hat away on the shelf, I would suggest laying it upside down. If you lay it on its brim it is apt to spoil the shape.

I found with my green dress, that was just this shade, that a medium brown (not bright) was the best for shoes and stockings; and I always liked them to match. My choice would be ribbed lisle stockings and low-heeled brown oxfords.

So glad to have met the little green dress. May you be as *worthy* as it is *worth* the wearing.



# These Are Houses

*There are all kinds—some, deserted and forlorn roofing and fresh paint, and others were built girls—but in every one there is laughter*

**A**PRIL is the month for housecleaning and homemaking—for taking up rugs and hanging them out in the sunlight, for making new curtains and waxing floors, for painting the front porch and putting up screens. Housewives have a busy time in spring, and so do Girl Scouts, especially if they are fortunate enough to have a Little House of their own to take care of.

And a great many of them have, too. It is surprising, the number of Girl Scout Little Houses that have sprung up during the past few years, and the number that are being planned for and worked for now. Bungalows, colonial cottages, small frame and brick and stucco houses in California and Washington and Ohio and New York—all ready for Girl Scout parties and teas and dinners, for troop meetings and all manner of housekeeping.

"It is nice to have a home of your own," say Girl Scouts everywhere, "even if, at first, it can only be one room!" Some of these Little Houses—in fact, most of them—have interesting histories. For they didn't, of course, appear suddenly and without effort at the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp. They meant striving and work and community spirit—with

plenty of jolly good times, though, even when the tugging was hardest.

## Everyone helped in Palestine

*To build the Cinderella House*

Take the Girl Scout Little House in Palestine, Texas, for instance. It is called the Cinderella House, because it was so forlorn and ugly and drab until it felt the magic touch of the fairy godmother—perhaps we should say fairy godmothers, and godfathers, too, for it seems as though everyone in the whole town had a share in its transformation into a comfortable clubhouse, gay with fresh paint and crisp curtains and new furniture. But suppose we let an eye-witness tell about it:

"To create an interest in painting and home beautification in Palestine," writes Miss Jessie Mary Hill, of the *Palestine Herald*, "a large paint manufacturing concern offered to paint one of the houses in town. But which was to be the lucky house? That was the question. For days the representative of the paint manufacturers hunted for it. But there was something wrong with every place suggested. One was too far from the center of the town, one was too large, another was not the right type. The search seemed hopeless. Would all the lovely cream and green paint have to be returned to the factory?"

"Then, at the very last minute, the fairies that guard the happiness of Girl Scouts started their work.

The paint manufacturers' representative met Mrs. E. E. Bentley, captain of the Palestine Girl Scouts. In five minutes she had promised that the Girl Scouts would help in asking citizens of the town to sign pledge cards to clean and paint up Palestine. The so far unsuccessful search for a house to be beautified was mentioned to her. And then:

"We have the very house!" said Mrs. Bentley. "It had been given to us to use for a clubhouse, if we can ever put it in order. No house ever needed help so much. It is old and tumbledown and shabby. But it is right in town—just the location you are looking for."

"So, the next day, the whole town knew that work was to be started on the Girl Scout Little House. All citizens were asked to help make the Cinderella House habitable—for painting was by no means the only thing it needed. And the citizens responded. There was a real Cinderella clean up week in Palestine, for homes, back-yards and streets as well as for the Cinderella House. Boy Scouts helped and Girl Scouts helped. A reception was held at the house before the fairy wand was waved over it, and those who attended saw Cinderella herself, arrayed in rags, waiting for her godmother, and the selfish sisters, in fine silks, confident that the prince would choose one of them. But, when the people of the town returned in a few days they found a radiant Cinderella, and, beside her, a handsome prince, standing in the doorway of a house with gleaming new window-panes, a new roof, fresh paint and an air of spic and spanness that made it almost unbelievable that it could really be the tumbledown shack they had seen before.

"How was it done? Why, this magic was all a gift from the towns-people to the Girl Scouts. Contractors and lumbermen made necessary repairs, roofers



This is the "Cinderella House" in Palestine, Texas, before the fairy godmothers came along and used their magic hammers and paint brushes



The second picture shows the early stages of the transformation—and some of the workers—with a long way still to go before the girls could move in



And to the right is the finished house, a joy to Girl Scouts and to the whole community which helped make it habitable



# Girl Scouts Built

*for years, were made new and gay again with from foundation to chimney especially for the now, and work and rollicking good times*



*This comfortable cabin belongs to the Girl Scouts of Greenville, South Carolina*

laid fireproof roofing, carpenters hammered and sawed and, after school, the Boy Scouts arrived with lawn mowers and rakes and hoes; weeds vanished, flower-beds were spaded, rubbish was cleared away. Girls and women with brooms and mops and pails and soap cleaned the rooms inside. Then the painters came and, presto!—the transformation was complete. The house looked new from its neat roof to its glistening windows.

"But, once started, the Girl Scouts didn't stop with a fresh, clean house. They collected furniture, made curtains, were given table linens, a flag-pole and a flag, a refrigerator and all sorts of housekeeping necessities. The gas and water power companies even promised free service for the life of the Little House. And, on the night of the house-warming, when the guests inspected the house and congratulated the Girl Scout hostesses on their good fortune, they congratulated themselves, as well, upon having such an attractive clubhouse in Palestine. No one regretted his contribution, whether it was in labor—and four hundred hours of labor were given free—in money or in furniture."

Each day brings new pleasures to the girls who own the Cinderella House. They go there to prepare breakfast some mornings, or for tea and picnic suppers in the afternoon. They sometimes spend whole week-ends there and, of course, all their troop meetings are held in the bright living-room. In fact, they often wonder how they did without it before the whole town played fairy godmother to the Girl Scouts of their community.

## Girl Scout Little Houses

*Mean better homes in America*

Girl Scout Little Houses mean something besides places for troop meetings and good times. They serve as examples of homes that may be built economically and in good taste, and as incentives to better and more efficient homemaking. That is one reason why "Better Homes in America," an organization interested in just what its name implies, has co-operated with Girl Scouts in many towns and cities and helped build many Little Houses. The "Better Homes in America" headquarters is at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., and Mr. James Ford, the executive director, will be glad to mail literature dealing with costs and all of the practical points in home building, and showing pictures of demonstration houses built in different styles and sizes.

One of these houses, built as a demonstration by the Better Homes Committee in Santa Barbara, California, has been loaned for an indefinite time to the Girl Scouts. It is on the corner of a four and a half acre playground, and contains a living-room, executive office, a roomy kitchen in which to prepare food for parties and meetings, a dressing-room, lavatories, a large store-room and the director's living apartment. Special attention was given to the furnishing. Most of the furniture was especially painted for the house. The grounds are planted with shrubbery and there is a well-kept lawn



stretching to the cool sidewalk beyond.

In Greenville, South Carolina, too, the Better Homes Committee planned and built a Girl Scout Little House. The City donated the lot.

## Hoboken Girl Scouts

*Boast a fireproof house*

A Girl Scout House in Hoboken, New Jersey, is built entirely of asbestos and is absolutely fireproof. The trim is of green and the roof is a cheerful red. The house contains a large meeting-room, an officer's room, a lavatory and a cloak-room. A tiny porch, with a pointed roof is flanked on either side by long windows below which are attractive window boxes. And many are the feet that mount the two front steps every day and step over the hospitable doorsill into the comfortable room inside—Girl Scout feet going into the Girl Scouts' own Little House.

## "We wanted a place of our own"

*And these Montana girls got it*

The Girl Scouts of Hamilton had a troop room, lent them by the Woman's Club. It was a nice room, large and airy and well-furnished. But, somehow, they weren't satisfied. They wanted a place all their own and set about getting it. Finally their captain discovered a house on the edge of town that they might use. Elaine Williams writes what they did:

*(Continued on page 63)*



*Adobe houses are just the thing for New Mexico, so the Las Vegas Girl Scouts have built one*

# This is the Way We Keep



*In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a Girl Scout finds she can earn one of her merit badges by making a little sister happy at home*

*In Richmond, Virginia, Girl Scouts take turns about amusing the small visitors who come to the community playgrounds*

*And this is the way we earn our child care badges, too. For, unlike the old woman who lived in the shoe, Girl Scouts do know what to do when young visitors come to see them at their Little Houses*

*This corner of the nursery in the Washington Little House is ready for a lucky young guest*



# Keep Our House

*It is baby day at the clinic in New York, and also the day when Girl Scouts turn up to help*



*Girl Scouts in Hoboken, New Jersey, have built their Little House in the midst of a dingy city block, and its fresh paint and gay window-boxes tell a story of happy home-making*



*On rainy days the Little House at Memphis, Tennessee, invites the children into its playroom—and there is always a Girl Scout there to explain the working of any puzzling toy*

*And so it is everywhere. Girl Scouts are building their own Little Houses and furnishing them, and learning in them all the secrets of home-making and house-keeping, of caring for babies and young children—for these are old arts that every modern girl would be mistress of*



This picture shows tropical foliage—  
Hawaiian ferns. The photograph is by  
Dorothy Cup Choy, Makawao, Maui, Hawaii



### Great Britain's Birds

**T**HIS LETTER appeared in the *Massachusetts Audubon Bulletin*. It is an account of the experiences of our party of four amateur bird lovers who toured Great Britain in the summer time:

"Our first thrill came as we taxied from Southampton sixteen miles southwestward to the edge of the New Forest. Our way twisted among English hedge-rows and beautiful trees and passed thatched-roofed stone cottages set in gardens luxuriant with the flowers of June.

"By the time we were ready for tea at the cottage which was to be ours, we had made the acquaintance of the friendly chaffinch, a bird about the size of our song sparrow, with a ruddy pink back, pinkish breast, under parts of tail, white, wings, brownish-olive and white-striped. While we were at breakfast one morning, a venturesome little chap entered our back door, hopped across the dining-room pecking for crumbs, then proceeded leisurely down the hall and out the front door.

"Our foundation for further bird-study was laid when a friendly Guider took us for a morning walk into the forest, where we saw the blackbird, robin, blue tit, wood pigeon, nuthatch, tree pipit, chaffinch, wren, song thrush, swallow, and willow warbler. On Foxlease lawns we watched the rooks, missel thrush, robin, and pied wagtail.

"A real thrill was ours the night we recognized the blackbird at the top of an old oak in a country lane! For the first time, we were able to distinguish his song from that of the song thrush, who constantly repeats his phrases. Next in friendliness to the chaffinch and song thrush was the robin, who did not sing but hopped about our feet.

"The remaining days by the forest—too few for intimate acquaintance with the birds—did not dampen the thrill we received as we reached the ancient Druid Circle of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, for we had caught sounds from

an unseen source which could come from no other throat but that of the skylark.

"The yellow wagtail brightened the dusty roadsides above the beautiful East Lynn, and the yellowhammer flitted among the shrubbery at Sterling Castle.

"At Wells the swans have acquired the habit, handed down from many swan generations, of ringing a bell for their daily food. A string is connected with a bell in the old drawbridge, and it is interesting to watch a bird pulling the string until he is rewarded.

"The woodcock, much like our own, sought its food along the cliffs at High Force; the quail fled to cover as our train whizzed through the Spey valley; and the magpie, famous in story, preened his iridescent plumage as he nonchalantly eyed us from his perch on a rail above a doorway in a busy Keswick street. On the Caledonian canal we watched the gulls as they kept pace with the vessel in order to catch bits of toast.

"Apart from the New Forest, the Thames environs revealed the largest number of birds: black and white swans, the moorhen, dabchick, swifts, partridge, big blue heron, wood pigeon, swallows, rooks, skylarks and green plover or lapwing."

E. MILDRED CRANE

*Troop Four, Lancaster, Massachusetts*

### Along the Nature Trail

In the first March quest, could you find twenty-five birds for your nature calendar? If you did, your list will probably be three times twenty-five in April and five times twenty-five in May when the warblers arrive. The birds returning in March were mostly seed eaters. April and May bring insect eaters. Check your list with reports for your region in May and June *Bird-Lore*.

The twins, "Gemini," Castor and Pollux, were commonly used by the Romans to swear by. The expression, "Jiminy," is a survival of the Roman oath.

Robins' nests, "grass-lined cups of clay," are common. The robins have two

# The Beholder

## "Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder"

This is a page written and illustrated by Girl Scouts. On it are published your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in India ink headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in Nature photographs.

Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, The Beholder will award a book.

broods. Some observers say that the mother bird sits on the nest during the night and the father during the day. Eleven to fourteen days are needed to incubate the eggs and one week more for the young birds to fly. A baby robin can eat sixty-eight earthworms a day.

Frogs appear during the last week in March or, farther north, the first week in April. The peepers or hylas appear first and "sing" in shrill high-pitched peeps. The meadow or leopard frog has a very low croak followed by shorter croaks. A short clack means a black-masked wood frog.

When you place small twigs in a vase in a warm spot, they will blossom in a few hours, if the buds have been frosted.

A narcissus bulb can be grown again. After the first growth cut the flowers, allowing the leaves to stay on to store the bulb with food. Keep the bulb until fall and plant it four inches deep in the ground. When the ground is frozen, cover the bed with straw and manure.

The boat-shaped body of the fish is especially adapted for life in the water. Webbed fins in place of legs, and the scales on the body help the fish to swim rapidly. The fish does not need movable eyes. No dust can fly in them, and a great cushion of water protects them from other accidents. A fish breathes constantly by opening and closing its mouth. The gills open a fraction of a second after the mouth.

Wild Flower Preservation Day and Forestry Week both come in April. So this is a good time to plant trees as well as to remember that "a wild flower looks more beautiful where it grows."

Here are the quests for April:

What wild flowers are protected in your region?

Why is a relative of skunk cabbage and jack-in-the-pulpit associated with Easter?

Hunt for nymphs of dragon and damselflies in the mud of slowly-moving streams. Keep some in an aquarium and add a few frogs' eggs. How do they use their legs?

When and where do you first see the stars, Deneb and Vega, this month?

Notice some evening exactly where the sun sets. Standing in the same place, watch it every week this month. See whether it sets farther north or south or in the same place.



## How Cantilever Shoes

*will help you to win merit badges*

THE right shoes help to keep your feet always springy, natural and useful. And if any one needs good feet, Girl Scouts do. For upon your feet depends your proficiency in securing many of the Girl Scout merit badges. The girl who wins the health badge, for instance, must have good posture. She must also be a good walker. Both conditions require good feet.

Athlete, pioneer, dancer, health guardian, pathfinder . . . good feet will help you to win every one of these badges. Ask your troop leader.

Cantilever Shoes are flexible from toe to heel like an Indian's moccasin. This makes walking easier because flexible shoes work *with* your feet instead of against them. Arch muscles strengthen with the exercise that

every step allows your feet. The girl who sticks to Cantilevers avoids weak arches. Circulation is free.

Cantilever Shoes are shaped as Nature shaped your feet. That is why these shoes fit so beautifully and keep their shape. Toes have room, sides do not gap and heels are snugly fitted. You are in style, too. For Cantilever Shoes are smart as well as comfortable and natural.

There are graceful Cantilever pumps and swanky oxfords to be seen at your local Cantilever Agency. It is probably a short hike from where you live. If you cannot find the address under "Cantilever" in your telephone book, write the Cantilever Corporation, 429 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and they will be glad to send it to you.





For your  
Girl Scout  
Baking Tests  
—make these delicious  
**COOKIES**

**Assorted Sugar Cookies**

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter: 1 cup sugar: 2 eggs:  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt: 1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder: 2 cups flour:  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon extract or lemon juice.

Cream butter until light and creamy. Add sugar slowly. Add well beaten eggs. Sift dry ingredients; add gradually to first mixture. Add lemon extract or juice. Chill in ice box for few hours. Roll out a portion at a time, little more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick, on floured board. Cut with cutters and bake in moderate oven of 40° F. about 8 minutes. Makes 4 dozen. For *Molasses Cookies*: Make as for Sugar Cookies, substituting molasses for sugar. Omit lemon extract and use 1 teaspoon ground ginger and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon baking soda. For *Chocolate Cookies*: Add 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted. Use vanilla extract in place of lemon extract or juice.

**G**IRL SCOUTS everywhere know that if they want to be sure of perfect results in their Girl Scout test bakings, Royal Baking Powder is the one to choose. They know that it's more economical to use the best than to risk a failure by using an inferior baking powder.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, is the choice of food experts the world over.



Contains no alum;  
leaves no bitter  
taste.



## The Spot on the Blue Blotter

(Continued from page 9)

"Well, of course there was nothing for me to do but get right out—which I did. But I'm simply stumped about the whole thing. She wasn't in the dining-room today for breakfast or lunch. And when I came in here, I saw a young fellow going up the street who somehow made me think of that one last night. He had on a wide hat that looked a little like it. But it mayn't have been. I leave it to you, though, if that isn't as nice a mystery as you've heard of in a dog's age?"

"And the blot," Leslie said, "was a signal of some kind. And the way Miss Tinkler acted, makes me surer than ever. She knew what it meant!"

Debbie stared at her companion in the utmost bewilderment. "Say!" she exploded at length, "are you any relation to William Burns or—or Sherlock Holmes?"

"That thumb-print!" Leslie mused. "Say, Debbie, do you suppose Miss Tinkler is in her room now? If she wasn't, maybe you could slip in and look at that blotter again. It's right on this floor. I'd go myself if I could."

Under the spell of Leslie's enthusiasm, Debbie went, but was back in three minutes with a very peculiar expression on her face.

"She wasn't there and the door was standing partly open so I went in. I ran right over to the writing-table, but what do you think?—that blotter's gone and a brand new one is in its place!"

Leslie gave a groan of despair. "Maybe she only turned it over. Did you look on the other side, Debbie?"

"Yes, I did—and turned it over. The other side was all fresh too. This makes it queerer than ever. I could understand her not wanting it spotted and turning it over, because she is particular. But unless there's something awfully queer about it, she wouldn't have got rid of it altogether. She knows they're kind of fussy at the supply-room."

Leslie walked back and sat down on the bed, decision written in every line of her expressive little face. "There's something awfully strange here, Debbie. I don't suppose it's any affair of ours and perhaps we oughtn't meddle in it. But, who knows?—perhaps poor little Miss Tinkler is in some kind of trouble and we might be able to help her out! What do you say? Shall we try to see what we can make of it—you and I?"

Debbie nodded excitedly and squeezed Leslie's meale-spotted hand. "You can count on me!" she whispered. "But here comes the nurse and I'd better go for the present. See you later—perhaps with more news!" And she slipped out of the room, as big, competent Miss Hickson came breezing in.

"And to think that I didn't like Debbie Blaikie!" mused Leslie as she swallowed her seventh nauseous dose from Miss Hickson's spoon.

From that moment things began to happen, thick and fast. Debbie came in after dinner, while Miss Hickson was downstairs eating hers, to report that

Miss Tinkler had come down to the dining-room and made a pretence of eating a meal, but that she had scarcely eaten anything and made absolutely no effort to talk and looked as if she had been crying. She had gone directly to her room and apparently locked herself in, so there was no use trying to get at her.

"But I've got a better scheme than that," went on Debbie. "It's an awfully mild night for April and I'm going to go out and take a stroll around the garden. Who knows!—Perhaps if I watch near the vicinity of her window, something else will happen!"

"Yes, do go. But isn't it infuriating that I'm tied down like this!" mourned Leslie. "Together we might be able to discover so much more."

"Never mind, I'll let you know the minute anything happens—if anything should," Debbie comforted her and hurried out.

She was back again in three-quarters of an hour.

"Oh, you'll never guess!" she panted. Then she looked wildly around and whispered, "Is Miss Hickson anywhere about?"

"Gone for the night," Leslie reassured her.

"Here is some news! I went out in the garden and sat on that bench in the box shrubbery just near Miss Tinkler's window. It was pretty nearly dark then and I'd looked all around the garden first and there wasn't anyone there. Miss Tinkler was in her room, for the light was on and I could see her shadow moving across the shade once in a while. I sat and sat there and was beginning to get kind of chilly and discouraged because nothing had happened when—all of a sudden—something did!"

"I heard steps on the gravel path, soft ones, and I peeked out of that circle of box hedge that the bench is set in, and there was the dark figure of someone, creeping up to the place under Miss Tinkler's window again. I was certain it was the same one as last night because he had on the same big sort of Stetson hat. My heart began to pound, I can tell you, for I didn't know but what it was someone who was planning to harm her in some way—it all seemed so sort of sinister—that thumb-print and everything. Anyhow, I determined to watch him and see what he'd do, and if things looked dangerous, I was going to howl like everything for the police!"

"I had the flashlight with me and was holding it in my hand as I stood on tiptoe peeping over the hedge. All of a sudden my finger touched the switch accidentally and it sent a glare of light right into his face. He jumped about a foot and gave a sort of groan, but he didn't try to run. I rather liked that about him. Somehow I managed to stut—

"What's the matter? What are you doing here?" He swallowed hard and answered, "I—I was just looking for Miss T. Brown."

"So then I said, kind of severely, 'Well, there isn't anyone in this place by



that name that I know of. Why don't you go to the entrance and ask there if you want someone?' He gulped again and said, 'Thank you. I—I guess it would be a good idea!' And then he walked away. But I watched him and he didn't go near the main door. Just turned after a bit and scurried down the driveway and out of sight. And then I came on up here. Now *what* do you make of it?"

Leslie thought it over with a worried frown. "He might have been telling the truth, of course, and really be looking for a 'Miss T. Brown', though—look here! did he sort of hesitate between the T and Brown, can you remember?"

"Yes, I think I remember he did, decidedly," agreed Debbie.

"Then it's as plain as anything. He started to say 'Tinkler' and thought better of it and substituted 'Brown'! Can't you see?"

"You'll have to tell her," Leslie went on. "I would, if you don't care to, only I'm supposed to be tied to this bed. I can't very well insist on seeing her. She may never have had the measles!"

For some reason, the idea of Miss Tinkler having the measles at her age aroused their sense of the ridiculous, and they giggled about it irresponsibly for a moment. Then Leslie said:

"I've been thinking this all over while you were out, and I believe I have some sort of explanation for the thing. How does this sound to you? Miss Tinkler has an enemy—or enemies. She's awfully peculiar, anyway, and I've a notion that she may have a lot of money stored away somewhere that these enemies know about and have a right to; or something like that. These enemies have perhaps pursued her before when we didn't know about it, and that thumb-print is the secret sign that they're on her trail again. I've been thinking about the figure '4' that you said was down below the finger-print. That must mean *something*! It wouldn't have come there just by accident. Do you know what today's date is?" She looked meaningly at Debbie.

"Why—why the fourth of April!" stammered Debbie.

"Well, then, don't you see?" triumphantly asserted Leslie. "On the fourth something was going to happen. He was warning her, and he probably would have if you hadn't scared him away. Goodness knows what they may intend to do—kill her perhaps, if she doesn't give up the money! She may be in terrible danger. And no doubt the poor little thing is scared to death and doesn't know how to act. You simply *must* go to her, Debbie, and tell her we'll help her out in any way we can, if it's nothing else than watch her window all night and be ready to call the police if anything queer happens. Isn't it exciting!"

But Debbie did not fall in with this scheme, in its entirety, with a whole-hearted enthusiasm.

"I agree with you that things look very peculiar, and there may even be something dangerous about it for Miss Tinkler. But I can't help feeling that it would be intruding on my part to go to her with any sort of warning. Honest—

(Continued on page 43)

# Girl Scouts



## need this energy

**O**UTDOOR life will do you the most good if you are prepared for it. Hiking, camping and other Girl Scout activities harden muscles and develop you physically. But the food you eat forms the foundation.

You will enjoy your Girl Scout work more if you eat Shredded Wheat. It's made from the whole wheat grain—the food of outdoor people for centuries. It has proteins to build muscle, carbohydrates to supply the body with fuel, vitamins and roughage to keep you well.

Eat two Shredded Wheat biscuits every day. They are good for breakfast, lunch or supper. And as they are ready cooked and ready to serve they make an ideal food for camp. Eat them with milk or cream. Once you start you will make it a habit—and the Shredded Wheat habit is the best one you can form.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

# Shredded Wheat



It begins in June and was written for you by Ethel Cook Eliot

# ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

## NEW GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM

### AND ACCESSORIES

AS ADOPTED OCTOBER, 1927

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF  
GIRL SCOUT LEADERS



Always Look for  
the Official  
Girl Scout Label

THE new Girl Scout uniforms, skirts, camp bloomers and badges, are now made of Girl Scout green cloth, a cotton fabric which is especially woven for the Girl Scouts. This distinctive gray green material which is woven from alternating white and green threads is supplied only to the Girl Scout organization for official Girl Scout equipment.

### Regulation Girl Scout Uniform

A coat dress which slips on over the head, made of the new Girl Scout green cloth. The G. S. insignia is embroidered on the collar which makes a neater finish than sewed on emblems. A new style, self-shank button is trim in effect because it lies flat on the cloth. Two patch pockets on skirt and one breast pocket. Shield for V neck. Cloth belt with two buttons. Washable. Inverted pleat at back gives ample fullness for outdoor activity. Smart and serviceable. Practical.

Sizes 8-12..... \$4.25

Sizes 14-44..... 4.75

Shipment of new uniforms will  
be made about April fifteenth

Don't miss the summer issues. Renew your subscription now!

# The New Girl Scout Leader's Uniform

## Girl Scout Officer's Uniform

This well tailored one-piece coat dress is designed for comfort and utility. Deep pleat in front gives ample fullness for walking. Two inverted side pleats. Narrow band of white piqué edges flat collar, revers and cuffs. Official Girl Scout buttons. Two large patch pockets with buttoned flaps and one breast pocket. A smart and useful dress suited to the many needs of Girl Scout leaders. The uniform comes in two kinds of cloth—a gray green all wool twill fabric, and the official Girl Scout cotton cloth.

Sizes 32-42—Wool twill..... \$25.00

Girl Scout cloth..... 10.00

## Official Hat

The new model officer's hat is made in two grades of dark green felt in a shade that matches the top coat and leather belt. The hat has a tapering brim, narrower at the back. The full crown is easily adjusted to individual taste. Band of the same material crosses in V at right side where Girl Scout officer's hat insignia may be affixed with pin.

Sizes 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼, 7½, 7¾, 8

Light weight felt, with insignia \$3.00

High grade felt, with insignia.. 4.75

Extra insignia..... .50

## Officer's Leather Belt

A practical belt of dark green cowhide with gun metal buckle, hooks and swivels for attaching knife and whistle.

Sizes 28-38.....\$1.75

Sizes 40-46..... 2.00

## Officer's Sport Belt

A lighter belt for wear on dress occasions. Made of fine quality dark green suede.

Sizes 28-38.....\$1.25

Sizes 40-46..... 1.50



Shipment of new uniforms will be made about April fifteenth

## Accessories for the New Girl Scout Uniform

### Girl Scout Skirt

To be worn with Girl Scout middie as official uniform, if desired. Skirt of Girl Scout green cloth, made with side pleats for fullness. Insert of elastic in waist band. Suitable for all outdoor activities. May be worn over bloomers for hiking.

Sizes 10-44.....\$2.75

### Girl Scout Top Coat

A well tailored topcoat of dark green Chevy Chase Cloth, a cheviot serge material. Convertible collar which fastens snugly at neck if desired. Raglan sleeves. Full back. Official Girl Scout buttons of dark green ivory. Coat lined throughout with green sateen. Two slash pockets. Warm. Smart. Practical for all Girl Scout and school wear.

Sizes 8-12.....\$16.00

Sizes 14-42..... 18.00

### Regulation Girl Scout Hat

A crushable hat of Girl Scout cloth in the new green shade. Embroidered G. S. insignia in dark green on band.

Sizes: Extra small, small, medium, large. Consult order blank to ascertain correct hat size, as hats cannot be returned for exchange.

Price .....\$1.30

### Girl Scout Handkerchiefs

Two kinds are carried, cotton and linen. Trefoil embroidered in corner. Order by the box.

Cotton, each.....\$0.20

Box of 6..... 1.00

Linen, each..... .35

Box of 3..... 1.00

### Girl Scout Neckerchief

Half square, cut on diagonal, of high grade mercerized cotton. Trefoil embroidered on each in contrasting color.

Colors:

\*Dark Green  
Red  
Purple  
Black

Dark Blue  
Light Blue  
Yellow  
Brown

\*The dark green is recommended as most desirable for wear with the new Girl Scout uniform.  
Price .....\$0.45

This equipment and many other items on sale at the Girl Scout Department of your local store or direct from

**NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENTS**  
670 Lexington Avenue New York City

Your troop should be on "The American Girl" Honor Roll. Is it?



## Stores in the Larger Cities Where Girl Scout Equipment Can Be Purchased

<b>ALABAMA</b>		<b>MASSACHUSETTS</b>		<b>NORTH CAROLINA</b>	
BIRMINGHAM	J. Blach & Sons	BOSTON	Jordan Marsh Company	GREENSBORO	The Meyers Co.
FLORENCE	B. A. Rogers & Bro.	FALL RIVER	R. A. McWhirr Co.	HENDERSONVILLE	Rosenberg's, Inc.
GADSDEN	Herzberg-Loveman Co.	FITCHBURG	Goodnow Pearson Co.	WILMINGTON	Belk-Williams Co.
MONTGOMERY	Alex Rice, Inc.	GARDNER	Goodnow Pearson Co.	WINSTON-SALEM	Petty-Smoot Co.
TALLADEGA	Goldberg & Lewis	LAWRENCE	A. B. Sutherland Co.		
TUSCALOOSA	J. Blach & Sons	LOWELL	Bon Marche Dry Goods Co.	<b>OHIO</b>	
<b>ARKANSAS</b>		NEW BEDFORD	Steiger-Dudgeon Co.	AKRON	A. Polsky Co.
FORT SMITH	Boston Store	NORTHAMPTON	R. F. Armstrong Co.	CANTON	Stern & Mann Co.
<b>CALIFORNIA</b>		TAUNTON	Talbot Seeley Co.	CINCINNATI	Bolles-Brendamour Co.
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LOS ANGELES	E. B. Myers Co.	WEST NEWTON	Barron's Dept. Store	CLEVELAND	The Lindner Co.
PALO ALTO	Mendenhall Co.	WORCESTER	John C. MacInnes Co.		The Higbee Co.
PASADENA	Myers Dept. Store	<b>MICHIGAN</b>		COLUMBUS	F. & R. Lazarus Co.
RIVERSIDE	G. Rouse & Co.	DETROIT	J. L. Hudson Co.	DAYTON	The Mearick Cloak Store
SAN DIEGO	The Marston Co.	FLINT	Smith-Bridgman & Co.	HAMILTON	Sportman's Supply Co.
SAN FRANCISCO	The Emporium	JACKSON	Glasgow Brothers	MIDDLETOWN	The John Ross Co.
SANTA BARBARA	Trenwith & Poole	KALAMAZOO	Gilmore Bros.	OVERLIN	Yocom Bros. Co.
SANTA MONICA	Bay Dept. Store	MARQUETTE	A. L. Huetter	PORTSMOUTH	Anderson Brothers Co.
VENTURA	American Clothing Co., Inc.	PONTIAC	Waite Bros.	TOLEDO	Lasalle & Koch Company
<b>COLORADO</b>		PORT HURON	L. Higer & Son	<b>OKLAHOMA</b>	
COLORADO SPRINGS	C. A. Hibbard & Co.	SAGINAW	The M. W. Tanner Co.	MUSKOGEE	Calhoun Dry Goods Co., Inc.
<b>CONNECTICUT</b>		<b>MINNESOTA</b>		TULSA	May Brothers
BRIDGEPORT	Howland Dry Goods Co.	CHISHOLM	Sapero Dept. Store	<b>OREGON</b>	
	D. M. Read Co.	DULUTH	Duluth Glass Block Co.	PORTLAND	Meier and Frank Co.
DERBY	Howard & Barber	ELY	Ely Finnish Stock Co.	<b>PENNSYLVANIA</b>	
HARTFORD	G. Fox & Co., Inc.	FERGUS FALLS	Fair Store	BRADFORD	Archie D. Cohn
NEW BRITAIN	H. J. Donnelly	MINNEAPOLIS	The Dayton Co.	CLEARFIELD	Kurtz Stationery Co.
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SOUTH MANCHESTER	The J. W. Hale Co.	ST. PAUL	The Golden Rule	LATROBE	S. P. Reed Co.
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<b>DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA</b>		ST. LOUIS	Famous Barr Co.	PHILADELPHIA	Gimbel Bros., Inc.
WASHINGTON	J. Garfinckel & Co.		Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney		John Wanamaker
	The Hecht Company	SEDALIA	St. Louis Clothing Co.	PITTSBURGH	Kaufman
	Woodward & Lothrop	<b>MONTANA</b>		SCRANTON	The Rosenbaum Co.
<b>FLORIDA</b>		BUTTE	Hennessy Co.	SOMERSET	Samter Bros. Co.
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SIoux CITY	T. S. Martin Co.	HEMPSTEAD	A. L. Frank's Dept. Store	RICHMOND	Thalhimer Bros., Inc.
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PARSONS	Max Dannenbaum	JAMESTOWN	House of Burnett	ABERDEEN	George J. Wolff
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Send for Six Page Descriptive Circular or Visit the Store Nearest You

"For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother"—you know the old poem—

## The Spot on the Blue Blotter

(Continued from page 39)

ly—I—I can't do that. But I'll sit up all night, if necessary and watch her window (my room is three doors away down this corridor and the same side as hers, so that'll be easy) and if I see that anything unusual is happening, I'll slip downstairs and call up the police station. And I'll come in here every little while and report how things are going." And with this decision Leslie had to be content, for, argue as she might, she could not change Debbie's firm resolve about not going to Miss Tinkler, personally.

Then began a curious night. For Leslie it was a fever of alternate restless dozing and impatient waiting for news, punctuated by Debbie's infrequent visits of short duration to report no progress in any direction. Debbie herself was becoming so sleepy and weary with her fruitless vigil that all enthusiasm for the quest had long since waned. Only the determination not to go back on her promise to Leslie kept her to her thankless task. Then, at 3:30 in the morning, she tiptoed to Leslie's door, poked in her head and whispered excitedly:

"At last!—something doing! I've been hearing something rustling round in the bushes for the last five minutes. It isn't a dog or any other animal. It's *someone!* I've got to go back. Don't want to miss any—" And she was off without finishing her sentence.

A period of nerve-racking tenseness followed for Leslie. Not a sound or a sign broke the silence, except for some tiptoeing steps once in the hall, for what seemed about ten years, but must have been in reality less than an hour. She worked herself up into a real fever, and would have liked to ring for Miss Hickson and a fresh drink of water, except that she didn't want the nurse's untimely presence interfering with the course of events. At last, much to her relief, Debbie rushed in and sat down heavily on the bed, resting her head against the footboard as if utterly weary.

"Well," she announced, "the mystery's all solved. I'll say, you're *some* detective, Leslie, and it's lucky you had the hunch you did, on one or two things particularly. But even at that, you were way off the track on most of the others. If you—"

"Oh, for the cat's sake, don't keep me in suspense another minute!" implored Leslie.

"All right—all right!" agreed Debbie. "Just let me get myself together and I'll tell you all about it." And after a moment's breathing space, she went on with the story:

"After I ran back to my room from here, I stayed by the window a long time—at least it *seemed* long to me—but there was no more sound and I began to be afraid something had happened while I was in here with you and I'd missed it. Then, all of a sudden, a dark figure stole out of the bushes, stood under Miss Tinkler's window and threw something up at it. Whatever it was, his aim evidently wasn't very good for the thing fell back at his feet again. He picked

it up and started to aim it for the window again, but I just couldn't stand it any longer. I figured he was throwing a bomb or some sort of infernal machine in there and I'd just *have* to stop it somehow. So I leaned out of my window, turned the electric torch full on him and called:

"Don't you dare throw that thing in there! Stand right where you are, or I'll fire!" (I didn't have anything to fire, but he didn't know that!)

"Well, he just dropped his hand and stood and stared at my direction a minute and then called kind of softly, 'I didn't mean to do any harm—honestly!' All this time I kept the light full on his face. Suddenly there was a little shriek from Miss Tinkler's window. She must have been roused by my calling out to him—or perhaps she wasn't asleep. Anyway she had poked her head out of the window and was crying, 'Sandy! Sandy!'

"I just hung out of that window petrified, I was so completely bowled over. And the next thing I knew, she must have rushed downstairs and outside in her dressing-gown, for there she was beside him, pulling him along with her and in a couple of minutes I heard them coming upstairs and going into her room. Well, I'll tell you, I felt pretty flat. Evidently it was someone she knew, perhaps was expecting to see (though I admit it was a queer way of going about it!) and I'd evidently been butting in and spoiling the whole thing. So, I concluded it was up to me to do some apologizing and pretty quickly at that.

"I hated the job, but I got my courage together after a while and went down the hall and knocked at her door. When she opened it and stared at me, I began, 'I'm awfully sorry, Miss Tinkler, that I—'

"But I didn't get any further, for right there she pulled me into the room and said, 'Debbie, I want you to meet my young nephew, Alexander Tinkler. He's all I've got in this world to care about, and, if it hadn't been for you, I'd perhaps never have seen him again.'

"I just about choked, I was so astonished, but Alexander came over and shook hands in a kind of embarrassed way and said, 'You'd better explain it all, Aunt Annice. It sounds kind of queer, the way you say it.'

"And so Miss Tinkler went on, 'Sandy is my favorite nephew—his parents are both dead and I've been educating him—putting him through college. He's had kind of a struggle because his eyesight isn't good and the strain of studying is hard on it. This spring he was told that he was way behind in the four most important subjects he was taking and most probably could not pass his examinations. He felt so awfully about it that he made up his mind to leave college and take what little money he had left and work his way to San Francisco and eventually to China where he would join his uncle there and try to earn some kind of a living. He felt terribly to think I'd struggled so to get

(Continued on page 44)

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Hard rubbing takes newness out of clothes. Fels-Naptha takes hard rubbing out of washing. For Fels-Naptha gives the *extra help* of good golden soap combined by our special process with plenty of napha—two safe cleaners working together.

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will bring you popularity and fun this summer... at home... in camp... on the beach. Rich harmony, sweet melody, music with a swing that captivates. And so easy to play, fun from the start. Gibsons are today's most popular instruments. You hear them on the air and on records; choice of the world's famous artists.

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## New! Crystal Trees You Can Make of Sealing Wax

YOU could find no lovelier decoration for your living room than one of these beautiful little crystal trees in colorful glass effect. At first you saw only imported ones in the smart shops, but now you can actually make them at home from sealing wax, crepe paper, and wire. Some of them have curious gnarled trunks and twisted branches, some are tall and slender with branches that sway with every breath of air. Their odd little shining leaves glisten like spun glass. Even after you have finished one you will scarcely believe you have made it yourself for it will look as though it had come straight from fairyland.

### Instructions for Making—10 Cents

All the needed materials may be had at your local stationery, department or drug store where Dennison's goods are sold, also a booklet containing instructions for making Crystal Trees and dozens of other decorative objects of Sealing Wax. Or send coupon with 10 cents for booklet by mail.

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# The Spot on the Blue Blotter

(Continued from page 43)

him through college and he'd made such a failure of it, and he simply didn't want to face me personally and tell me the news, yet he knew he ought to.

"I can't repeat the thing just as she said it," went on Debbie, "but the main idea was this—that last night he came here to see her and found she had gone out for a few minutes. The maid, Bessie, said he could wait up in her room, as the reception room was being re-decorated. So he went up there. But as he waited he began to get more and more nervous about it and felt he just couldn't face the ordeal. He knew Miss Tinkler would try to persuade him to go back to college and he was determined not to. So when he heard steps coming down the hall (they were mine, but he didn't know it!) his courage gave out and he just climbed out of the open window and dropped to the ground. He's very athletic so he knew how to do it without getting hurt. Then I came along and turned my flashlight on him out of the window. He thought it was his aunt, and was so startled that he darted off in the bushes and went back to his boarding-house in the village where he stays when he comes to see her.

"Then he wrote a letter and intended to call this morning and leave it for her, and actually came to the entrance with it, but changed his mind again, for fear of meeting her, and decided to do it this evening instead, when she'd probably be out. He came around reconnoitering her window this evening (or rather yesterday evening, for it's tomorrow now!) and had his second encounter with me and the flashlight and couldn't make out why in the world he was being watched. But he determined to make one more try when every one would be asleep and waited till three in the morning. This time he had determined that he would weight the letter with a stone and throw it in her window and be out of the town on the 4:40 a.m. express.

"Well, you know how I spoiled that little scheme. Miss Tinkler got hold of him and has persuaded him to try college once more and she is nearly wild with delight to think he didn't have a chance to get away and escape to China, which would very likely have meant she'd never see him again. I had to tell her how we'd come to be mixed up in it, of course." She paused for breath.

Leslie lay back on her pillow and thought it all over. Suddenly she sat bolt upright again. "Yes, but there are two things you haven't explained at all!" she exclaimed. "How about that desk light that went out when you came to her writing-table—and the blot?"

"Sure enough," laughed Debbie. "I almost forgot. But we got that all explained, too. The light's easy. Miss Tinkler showed me how the little switch on the lamp sometimes doesn't get securely caught, in some way, and is only partly on, and snaps out if there is any jar, like your footsteps coming over toward the desk. But the explanation of the blot is funny. She says her nephew as a young

boy was always very much interested in finger-prints and used to experiment a lot with them. One time, when he was away with her in the summer, he made a print of his thumb right in the middle of her desk-blotted one day, and said to her, 'Aunt Annice, remember this. If I'm ever in trouble of any sort, I'll send you a print of my thumb, just like this. Now, don't you forget!' And once, when he was ill with a pretty bad attack of pleurisy, he sent her a thumb-print, just for fun, and another time when he broke his leg in a football game. So, last night, when he was sort of idly wandering round the room waiting for her, he suddenly thought of the thumb-print and made one on her clean blotter and put a figure four under it to indicate the four subjects he'd flunked in. He says he hardly realized he'd done it, he was so upset and anxious. But when she saw it, she pretty nearly went crazy for she couldn't imagine how it got there, but suspected something was wrong.

"Now you know it all, Leslie. I'm so glad, for Miss Tinkler's sake, that it came out as it did, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm even gladder about something else," agreed Leslie shyly. "That I had the measles in vacation—and that I came to know you!"

She gulped as she said it, for the concession meant a good deal to her, but her companion understood.

"Even if it took a detective case to pull it off!" twinkled Debbie.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Tinkler and Sandy are coming in this afternoon to be presented to the other detective on the case. Don't worry—they've both had the measles!"

### Introducing Delilah

Of course, you will want to read the letter that gave Mrs. Seaman the inspiration for such a jolly story. Here is what Delilah wrote:

Dear Editor:

Every girl of today has her ideal story—I have never had my dream of a real story realized, although, in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I have found many interesting stories which almost fulfilled my desire.

Two of my favorite types of stories are those of mystery and boarding school life—in fact I have often found myself secretly longing to be involved in some great mystery near my school. I think that these two combined would make a very interesting manuscript.

I believe that my heroine would be a young freshman in boarding school—one who would "dare-to-do!"

I would like the mystery to be situated around the school and, of course, my "freshie" must solve it!

But I would also want some midnight spreads, scolding from the dean and all the happenings that make boarding school so exciting.

And do you not think that romance adds a lot to the story?

I have no doubt that Augusta Huiell Seaman with her wonderful powers could contrive just such a story.

If a jolly girl is added to a mysterious boarding school a very idealistic tale is bound to be the result! (for me at least!)

There's another made-to-order story coming in May—by Phyllis Duganne—



## Kill or Cure

(Continued from page 13)

chair to her feet, and the schooner pitched—threw her hard to the deck.

Her grin set. She pushed her feet through the bridle, tied the loose end of rigging round her waist to make sure. She picked up hammer and canvas, filled her mouth with nails. She hitched her body upward to the low rail, settled in the chair, got the crook of her lithe arm around the bridle—pushed, and—

A short drop, a terrific jerk, and stinging cold water drenched her from head to foot. She opened her eyes; saw the dripping green flank of the *Windward* and along it a four-foot black crack two inches wide that rose to view and quickly sank under water with the vessel's roll. Could she succeed?

She would try. The chance came. The chair hung straight. She got a corner of canvas over one end of that wicked crack, a nail in her fingers, the hammer in her right hand.

Jabbing frantically, she pounded her thumb. Through the pain came a cold surge of anger. A monster wave tossed her away.

Had she lost that canvas? No. Swinging back, she saw it had held, and sobbed for sheer joy. She pinned its other end. Bang, thump! There was blood on her hand. The *Windward* ducked crack and canvas out of reach. Away she went. Her back was breaking, her legs tingled with shock after grating shock. Something had her by the throat. . . . Now another chance. Another nail. Another. Bang! Bang! Bang! One more, to make sure. One more. One—

It was done. A sound above her made her look up. A frantic white face was perched on the rail up there; it wavered crazily. She waved the hammer, grinned feebly at that swinging face, fainted.

When Sally awoke the sun was shining. She was back in her wheel-chair, shivering, buried in blankets. Across the *Windward's* deck, in the lee scuppers, Driggs was moving, showing a pale face, just getting up. And at the ship's pump stood two figures, bending in turn, rising, sending a steady stream of water out across the planks. One of these two was her father. And close beside him, Ella York was doing everything.

More than this Sally saw. The squall had passed, the sky was clear, the sea heaving green rollers. And on that sea, nearing every second, came a schooner.

For the second time that day Sally flung off her blankets, stood up. But now, soaked and bruised, she stood firm. Calling out as she came, she made for the pump in queer, stiff-legged little steps like a man in the dark on stilts.

"Dad! Mother! The *Beth and Nathan*! Dories towing! And there's Dinny, there's Solvard and Ned and Andy Drew! She picked them up! She—"

The skipper and his good wife looked up from their work. Their eyes turned toward the voice of their daughter. And—"Sally!" they cried together. "Sally! You—you're walking!"

Sally York stopped, glanced down at her feet. Then her face broke into a smile. "Why so I am!" she quavered.

## The Queen of Beauty reveals her Secret



**A**VIVACIOUS feminine group was on its way to Helen Hilliard's informal party "in honor of Miss Sally North." "Oh, aren't you simply dying to see Sally?" asked someone for the hundredth time. "Whatever can have happened to her in just two years?"

"I can't even remember distinctly what Sally looked like," said Rhea Woodbridge. "Shedidhavericeblonde hair, of course, I remember that."

"But do you suppose they chose her as the May Day Queen of Beauty, with a whole woman's college to pick from, just because she has nice blonde hair?" asked Alicia Towne.

That was a question no one could answer—until Sally answered it for them. Every girl in the party gasped when she saw Sally. It seemed utterly impossible that they could ever have known and forgotten so radiant a person. Sally's blue eyes danced, her hair glowed with golden lights, her skin was like cream and roses.

### Sally explains

Then, Sally capped the climax. She sensed the question in the air, and answered it frankly.

"I know you girls are wondering what I have done to myself," she said. "Of course I realize I've changed a lot. Shortly after I left here, I had a severe illness. And when I was convalescing, the doctor said to me, 'Sally, do you want to be pretty? Then do just what I tell you, and keep on doing it!' . . . It's a powerful inducement—" Sally smiled at the attentive circle—"and I often wonder why doctors don't use it oftener!"

"Well, the rules were simple. Plenty of sleep, regular outdoor exercise, the right kinds of food, and *no artificial stimulants*. And, my dears, no matter how much better I look, it's not the

slightest index to how wonderful I feel. Just try it and see!" ended Sally blithely.

### And, if you'll try Sally's method

All the rules that Sally followed are explained in detail in an interesting little book called, "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow." We'll gladly send it to you, so that you can start using her method right away.

One thing that helped Sally to follow the rule "no artificial stimulants" was her use of Postum-made-with-hot-milk as a mealtime beverage. Unlike tea and coffee, Postum contains no drug stimulants of any kind. It is simply whole wheat and bran, slightly sweetened and skilfully roasted, and when it is prepared with hot (not boiled) milk instead of the usual boiling water, it gives you every advantage of plain milk in a perfectly delicious hot drink.

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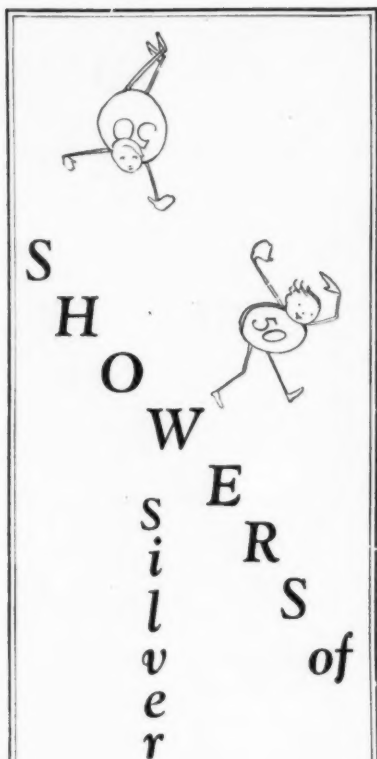
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*It's about a girl in a French boarding-school, and a marquis and an aeroplane*



## For Your Troop

Wouldn't you like to brighten your troop chest with a silver lining—right now in April, too, when to the tune of raindrops outside you are planning for the troop house, for camp, summer trips and many things?

Your Captain knows how to bring this silver shower to you. Ask her to read you Elsie Wrase's letter about it.

If your Captain hasn't received this letter, ask her to write for all details to The American Girl Silver Shower, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.



# Should *Every* Girl Go to College?

(Continued from page 15)

Elizabeth, if her parents can send her, perhaps not knowing nor caring what it is about, anxious to follow the gang. Or it may be that the parents of Elizabeth have social ambitions for their daughter, and think that if only she goes to the college to which the best people in town send their children she will get invited to the right parties at Christmas time, and perhaps meet and eventually marry the banker's son. Instead of being conspicuously unpopular, college education for girls sometimes seems to be in danger of becoming dangerously popular—dangerous in that it is regarded as the stepping stone to all sorts of things which have very little to do with the real meaning of college.

That real meaning, as I see it, is the chance to keep on learning. Of course, college isn't the only place where learning can be done. Some people can, and lots of them do, learn much more in a job than others ever got in four years on the best of campuses. I have known girls who slid through college without ever seeming to learn anything. They memorized enough to get them through the examinations and promptly forgot it afterward.

But in the best of colleges, as in the best of all education, the emphasis isn't upon the things one learns out of books, but upon learning how to lay out a piece of work for one's self and then go ahead and do it *well*, using as best one can the wisdom that other people have accumulated. It doesn't make much difference, it seems to me, whether the thing that you happen to want to do is baking a cake or teaching or planning a skyscraper. College gives you in the first place a chance to get a kind of bird's-eye view of what other people have said and thought and done, a chance to try one's interests and after trying them out to decide of all the thousand and one things worth doing, the one that is suited to your own special tastes and abilities.

It gives you the advice and sympathy and leadership of older people with more experience—the faculty—who are there to help you work things out for yourself and not to cram into you a certain amount of facts that will entitle you eventually to some kind of a degree. It gives you the fun and excitement of working with them and with girls of your own age, who share the same interests; it should be an education in friendliness and the art of working together. It gives you, too, a kind of independence that it sometimes is hard to find at home, when fathers and mothers are too inclined to regard their children as the youngsters they used to be, instead of the young people they are, who soon will be grown up.

I have a few classmates who regret their four years at college—they never quite found their place there, and they think they would have done better at something else. I know a very few other people, with exceptional special talents, who feel they might better have started younger to put all their effort into paint-

ing or music or acting, or whatever else their special ability happened to be. But for those of us who don't know just what we want to be or do, and who do not have an overwhelming longing for expression in the arts or crafts that we cannot put off, college will give us a greater opportunity than we are likely to find elsewhere.

That seems to bring me back to the original question that your editor asked me to write about, "Should every girl go to college?" I can only tell you what I think, based on the observation of people I know, and on my own experience of four years at one college, which have seemed worth every bit of time and effort I put into them, and a later taste of two universities. I wish that every girl had the opportunity not only to finish high school but to spend two or three or four years afterward in definite, regular study that met her special interests, or in work that was planned primarily to educate and not merely for money.

But, of course, not every girl has a chance to go to college and a great many have only a limited choice as to which college they can attend. If you can't go, you may remember that a great many people have achieved more education outside of college walls than others ever found within them, because they had an interest in understanding and doing well whatever came their way.

If you can go, here are some of the things to think about in making up your mind: As the world is constituted at present, a college education is a necessity if you want to go far in almost any of the professions; it is likely to prove a help in many kinds of business; it is often a social asset; and it usually has in it a good deal of fun. But even if you never consider being a doctor or journalist or social worker, and never try your hand at business of any kind, it ought to help you to work out for yourself a standard for work of any kind—even dishwashing!—and a capacity for play that will give a lifelong return on the investment of time and money.

Increasingly the colleges are realizing that there is no true education for education's sake, but rather education for living, and that it must be as varied and as flexible as the ways of life itself if it is to get people to lead happy and successful lives. One of the most thrilling books of the year is Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *Why Stop Learning?*, telling of our new realization that learning should not stop at fourteen, or eighteen, or twenty-two, but should be a life-long adventure, an adventure which gains in zest and reward in proportion to the interest and effort that one puts into it.

College should give one a great lift forward on that adventure—a broad view of a world of many peoples and their different ways, a chance to absorb the wisdom that has been achieved by the toil of greater minds than one ever may meet in person. It should mean the fellowship of people with common aims and different interests, and become an education in both independence and humility. At its best it does do that.

*Cracked ice, tinkling in tall glasses on summer afternoons—*



The winning action photograph was taken by Phyllis Hill, Northfield, Vermont

## The Camera Contest

MISS CLARA SIPPRELL, one of the foremost photographers in America, judged THE AMERICAN GIRL Camera Contest, which closed on February fifteenth. "It was hard to choose," she said, "but I finally selected Phyllis Hill's as the best in Section One, for action pictures, and Mary Agnes West's lovely mountain scene as the best in the landscape section. Phyllis' girl on skates is beautifully poised and gives a sense of motion."

So Phyllis Hill of Northfield, Vermont, will receive the first award in Section One, a vest pocket camera. There is a second award in that group, too—a Kodak album, which will go to Margery Butler of Oak Park, Illinois.

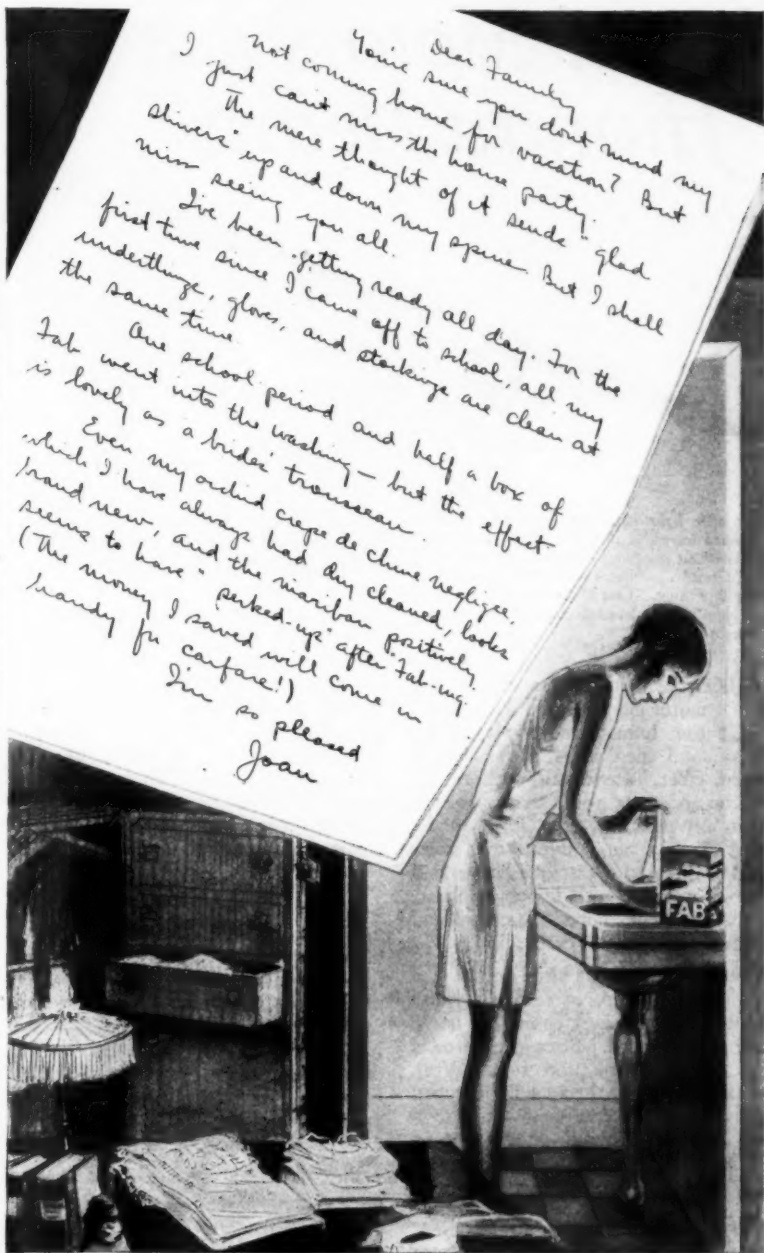
The landscape photograph is a view of the Andes Mountains, taken by Mary Agnes West, Troop Nineteen, Buffalo, New York. She receives as an award one of Clara Sipprell's photographs. "Mary's picture has harmony and rhythm," said Miss Sipprell. "These must be in every good photograph."

We show Phyllis Hill's photograph at the top of the page. Other contest pictures will appear in other issues of the magazine.

Honorable mention in the Camera Contest was given the following:

SECTION ONE: Janet Alexander, Troop Two, Brookline, Massachusetts; Ada Elizabeth Buck, Troop Twenty-one, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Margaret Clinch, Chisholm, Minnesota; Marjorie Moira Davison, Troop Three, Bronxville, New York; Ethel Dike, West Nyack, New York; Alberta Malsbury, Imlaystown, New Jersey; Ruth Tesca, Chatfield, Minnesota, and Marjory Waldron, Troop Two, Taunton, Massachusetts.

SECTION TWO: Anita Blakeslee, Alhambra, California; Marjorie Moira Davison, Troop Three, Bronxville, New York; Dorothy Fuller, Troop Three, Niagara Falls, New York; Edna Gill, Troop Nine, North Bergen, New Jersey; Frances H. Dorman, Troop Eight, Montclair, New Jersey; Hazel Howard, Troop Five, Niagara Falls, New York; Bethel Lamphare, Troop One, Rochester, Minnesota, and Mary Smykla, Troop One, Port Leyden, New York.



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Winifred Moses talks about hot-weather beverages in next month's issue



# Metal Motors and Human Hearts



Hour after hour news was anxiously awaited. It seemed incredible that a man could fly 3,610 miles without stopping. Could any motor stand such a test? . . . But two motors carried that plane to France. One of metal, the other—the most wonderfully designed motor in the world—a human heart.

LIKE the metal motor, the human motor must keep going. When the human motor starts to "miss" and then stops, life's flight is ended. Yet, oftentimes, with no attention and more abuse than was ever given any motor invented by man the heart "carries on". Even when damaged or diseased it carries a heavy load—an overload—with little complaint. If the heart complained more it would probably have better care.

Whether defective at birth or damaged by disease, it keeps at work—day and night—doing its best to make a brave "non-stop" record. Strong hearts need rest and intelligent protection. Weak hearts must have their loads lightened or they will be forced to give up.

Thanks to modern science everybody can find out how big or how little a load of work, strain and exercise his heart can carry.

Briefly, while there are many different kinds of heart difficulties, they may be roughly divided into three general

groups. First, the heart troubles of young people caused by diseases of childhood. Rheumatic fever and rheumatism (associated with "growing pains", tonsillitis, and stiff and painful joints) cause heart disease. According to some experts, diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles may injure children's hearts. Second, heart diseases of middle-aged people resulting from syphilis, or focal infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or elsewhere. Third, heart ailments of old people ultimately resulting from these and many other causes, including unhygienic living habits.

Many persons have defective hearts without realizing the fact, but there are many others who suspect that they have heart trouble when they are suffering from a different cause. There need be no guess work. Know your own heart. Have your doctor examine it regularly. If it is normal and strong, do not shorten its term of usefulness by over-strains or excesses. If it is damaged or weakened, live in accordance with your doctor's advice.

Give your heart a fair chance. Take care of it so that it will carry you safely on a "non-stop flight" to a happy old age.

Heart disease is now the chief of the captains of death. It has risen to this position in the past twenty-five years, surpassing tuberculosis, pneumonia and other diseases. The danger of dying from a bad heart has increased every year, while that from most other deadly diseases has decreased. Under present conditions, one in every five will ultimately die of heart disease in one form or another.

The increase in the deathrate from this disease in recent years has been primarily in middle life and at the older ages. While the great majority of those who succumb are relatively old people, there are altogether too many young ones. One out of

every seven who dies from heart disease passes away before the age of 45.

Physicians, statisticians and others who are studying heart disease suspect that much of it is induced by the hurrying mode of life so general in this country.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a pamphlet entitled, "Strong Hearts" which sets forth the principal facts about this disease. It may be the means of saving you from serious trouble. A copy will be mailed free by our booklet department. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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## Treasure Trove

(Continued from page 18)

lady. I don't know how or where you found him, but you've certainly earned the reward. I bought him at the Weather-vue Kennels and had him sent by train to the railroad station here. My chauffeur and I went to the station for him and we tied him to the back seat of the car. When we got home he was gone. I advertised a 'liberal reward.' What's your idea of 'liberal'? Speak up. Don't be afraid. I'm willing to pay well for getting this grand youngster back again."

"Here he is," said Mavis. "He belongs to you, so I've brought him back to you. But I'm not going to take any reward for losing the very best friend any girl ever had. So you can take your hand out of your pocket, please. Will you tell me what he really is worth, please?"

"I paid two hundred and seventy-five dollars for him, at eight months," answered Doreen. "And as for the reward, don't be a silly girl. Take it."

"I won't touch your reward!" flashed Mavis, fighting back her tears. "I told you that. And if I had enough money of my own I'd pay it for him even if I had to eat stale bread and wear a horse-blanket for the rest of my life. But—"

She choked. Then with a final hug to the dog, she ran out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Nor did she stop until she had traveled half the way home, walking blindly and with a feeling that her heart had turned to lead. As she stopped at a corner, to let a line of trucks go past, a cold nose was thrust into her palm. Douglas had slipped out of the office as Doreen had opened the door to call after the running girl. The collie had followed her homeward.

Ten minutes later, Mavis Roche stood again in the office of Mark Doreen.

"I brought him back," she said, her voice stifled. "Here he is. But keep him from following me again. I—I can't be sure of staying honest every time he follows me. It's too much, when anyone loves a dog as I love Douglas."

Choking, she turned to go. But Mark Doreen was between her and the door.

"A minute after you had gone," said he, "Harry Roche called me up—your father. He and I were chums years ago though we had a silly quarrel later that made each of us lose a dear pal. That quarrel is over now, thanks to you. He called me up to tell me how you happened to get this dog, and how you risked a frightful mauling to rescue him, and how you cured his hurts. He asked me if I'd let him buy the dog for you on installments. I told him the only terms he could buy him on. I said if he'd forget we'd both made fools of ourselves in that crazy quarrel, and if he'd ask me to dinner tomorrow—well, that'll be the best bargain I ever made, for two hundred and seventy-five dollars. The collie is yours, Miss Mavis."

"Mr. Doreen! Oh—"

"Stop crying!" snorted Doreen clearing his throat angrily. "And clear out. Be sure to take the collie with you! And—tell your dad to be proud of you. If he isn't, I—I won't dine with you and him—and Douglas tomorrow."



Are you puzzled about your spring wardrobe—just don't know what to get?—

## "I Am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 29)

Dorothy was my slave. I had a better opinion of myself every day. I didn't even come down off my lofty plane when Jack called me the Queen of Pneumonia. But it was Jack who first took me down a peg. Ever since I can remember I'd rather have had Jack's good opinion than a million dollars from anyone else.

All of a sudden everything I did seemed to get on Jack's nerves. Aunt Fanny invited me to Atlantic City with her over the week-end, and I was as excited as anything over going. I noticed that Jack was looking kind of black, and I said, "Isn't it wonderful! It's almost worth having pneumonia to get a trip to the seashore."

"Humph," he said, "pneumonia is a pretty cheap price to pay for all you've got out of it, I should say."

I suppose my face must have fallen about a yard, for he said, "Now, for the love of Pete, don't start crying. Go on to Atlantic City, but don't start weeping to me again."

But I did cry. My feelings were hurt, and pretty soon I really was sick. I cried so hard that Mother got worried and sent Jack over to ask Dr. Gordon to stop by.

By the time he came I was feeling a lot better. Aunt Fanny and I were planning what clothes I was to take. She and Mother were upstairs when Jack came back with the doctor.

"I just told Dr. Gordon that I made you sick," Jack blurted out. "I didn't realize you were still so—so—nervous."

Dr. Gordon took my pulse and my temperature and then he wrote a prescription and told Jack to run down to the drug store and get it filled. "I'll just sit here and keep Miss Peggy company until your mother comes down," he said, as Jack went out.

He seemed awfully tired as he sat there. Finally he said he had just been over to see old, mean Mrs. Pruyn. She lives with her daughter, Miss Emma, and makes her life a misery. "What's the matter with her, now?" I asked.

"She had hysterics. She always has hysterics when Miss Emma's going to have the Ladies' Aid."

"I'd say she was sick of meanness."

"Perhaps she is. But she's had it so long that she's incurable now. She was an only child and her family spoiled her, and then her husband spoiled her and now Miss Emma spoils her."

He leaned back in Mother's most comfortable chair. But I thought harder than I'd thought for a long time and I was so embarrassed. Finally I just had to admit. "You know, Dr. Gordon, I believe I could have made my head get well any time I wanted to."

He got up to go, but before he left he came over and patted my hand and said, "Well you know it takes two to make a cure."

And that is the end of my story.

The moral is this: If your family want to spoil you, you have to be firm with them. When I think of the narrow escape I had from growing up like old Mrs. Pruyn . . . Well!



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From "Little Women," Little, Brown and Company, Boston

# If You Want to Write

By **MAY LAMBERTON BECKER**

*The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature*

**THIS IS** for the older girls, though when the younger ones hear the sound of a well-beloved name, they may decide to listen in. But I am speaking to girls at the age when they are beginning to wonder what they will do in the way of a career, especially if their tastes and talents lie along the track of writing.

Many of you are not quite sure that you will write the Great American Novel, but yet believe that you can write. Some write to me, from farms, small cities or my own large town, to ask if there is any secret of success that I can give. They do not put it into just these very words, but they are asking what it is that makes a writer—not a genius, but a writer able to support herself and in time make a name in the world, by honest work. Well, here are some hints that you may find in the life of an author whose stories every girl has read, told in a book that has now been brought out in a new and larger form, Ednah Dean Cheney's *Louisa May Alcott; her Life, Letters and Journals* (Little, Brown).

The Alcotts had no notion of ever letting their diaries get into print, and such literary fame as they have rests upon other publications than these manuscript volumes of theirs. The philosopher-father, Amos Bronson Alcott, produced in his long life a tremendous number of leather-bound journals in a clear copperplate hand, in which are told the happenings of his remarkable schools and the experiments in vegetarianism, fruit diet and other forms of the simple life through which he led his family. From this immense stock Mrs. Honoré Willie Morrow found material for her *The Father of Little Women* (Little, Brown) and if you have been reading Thomas Beer's brilliant and superci-

lous remarks about him in *The Mauve Decade*, or if you have believed as his neighbors did that he was just a dreamer who let his womenfolks do the work, I wish you would read in this book what he really was—an educator fifty years ahead of his time, so far ahead that parents never appreciated what he was doing, however children might. But he was laughed down, and so our schools had to wait a long time for ideas as good as his to be introduced—even now in only a few of the most successful smaller schools. I am glad he kept his diaries.

So did all the family keep records. The mother, who was of a prosperous merchant race, set her little girls to this duty when they were eight years old. So here are the rows of books; Louisa's, Anna's (Meg), and Lizzie's (Beth), with May (Amy) preferring at first to make hers in her favorite pictures. It was a practice that evidently helped Louisa to cultivate her natural bent for writing, and above all, to form the habit of taking up the pen every day and setting it into action upon paper. You think this has nothing to do with the literary profession? Let me tell you, girls who want to write, that there will be days when even if you are working on your own novel, the last thing that you will want to do is to write at all. If you have trained yourself to get out the typewriter or sit down to the desk every day, to make an honest effort, you will find that at any moment you may break through this aversion to work and get into full swing again. But if you moon about waiting for an inspiration to start you, it may come—and again it may not. Inspirations are far more likely to come in the midst of work; then you may tear up all you wrote while you are

*Are you thinking of going to college? Then you will want to know how to choose—*



plodding, and start again gloriously. But you have to plod to get up that energy.

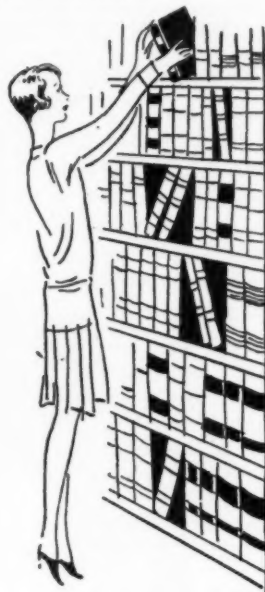
Louisa began to write with a stronger incentive than personal ambition, which in her case was not great, for she was more convinced of her sisters' claims to talent than her own. The family needed money, and she found that stories of hers could be trusted to bring in a little. They were not worth much: sensational tales, very moral, no doubt, and with virtue rewarded in the climax, but with plenty of thunder and lightning meanwhile. She makes a journey to the city to seek her fortunes with "my little trunk of home-made clothes, twenty dollars earned by stories sent to *The Gazette*, my manuscript, and Mother's blessing"; later she writes that "sewing won't make my fortune, but I can plan my stories while I work, and then scribble 'em down on Sundays." She wrote "a moral tale, and got twenty-five dollars, which pieces up our summer gowns and bonnets all round. The inside of my head can at least cover the outside." At last she has a tale in the *Atlantic* for fifty dollars.

Even after her first novel is published, how she drives on to keep the family and give it advantages! May has the new bonnets. When Louisa needs one, "having one dollar in the world and scorning debt" she demands from the milliner her cheapest bonnet, and takes it home "wondering if the skies would open and drop me a trimming. I am simple in my tastes, but a naked straw bonnet is a little too severely chaste even for me". (What would she think of our unadorned hats?) So she digs in the "salvation bin"—her ribbon box—and with some black lace makes a dish on which she thriftily serves up bows like meat on toast. The same letter says "I feel very moral today, having done a big wash alone, baked, swept the house, picked the hops, got dinner, and written a chapter in *Moods*." One does not know whether to laugh or cry at this, or just to rage at such heartbreaking scattering of energy.

The Civil War comes, and Louisa goes South as a nurse, losing her health once for all, but pushing her pen just as hard, still busy with the family bills. At last you come upon the record of the novel that was originally to have been *The Pathetic Family*, the story of her own home life that the world loves as *Little Women*. Even after the smashing success of this, she worked hard, but it was to keep up with her popularity and the demands of her public, and the book becomes more like the biography of other famous writers. But I wish every girl would read these notes of the earlier years. If they seem hard and painful to you, if you shiver at the thought that success might come as slowly to you, and money in such a thin trickle for so long, better not invest in an author's type-writer. But if there is something not only touching but inspiring in these records, if you laugh and half-cry over this mixture of bookkeeping and fun and fatigue, and are strengthened thereby in your own determination to write—then you have my blessing and I think you have already had Louisa's.

## For all writers

and for all readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL, too



# Where

## will you find the best book for girls?

"We must have the very best books for girls," the editors of THE AMERICAN GIRL have been saying over and over again for the last five years. And authors have sent us their finest manuscripts, until now if you put the question to any group of girls, "Where can I find the best books for girls?" they will answer you quickly, "In THE AMERICAN GIRL."

But we want an even better book than any that have gone before—a book that girls will take to their hearts as they did "Little Women" and read over and over again. A book that will be a loved book when the girls who are reading it now are handing it on to their own daughters. And through the generosity of one of the members of the National Council of The Girl Scouts we are able to collaborate with Harper & Brothers in offering a prize of \$2000, in addition to royalties, for the best book for girls submitted in a contest. The book will be run serially in THE AMERICAN GIRL and will be published by Harper & Brothers.

**The American Girl-Harper Girl's Book Contest** is open to all authors, whether they have ever written girls' books, or whether they have written any books at all. It closes December 1, 1928, and is for the best book for girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen. The full conditions of the contest will be published here in our next issue.



In the meantime, authors may secure full details of the contest by writing to The American Girl-Harper Girl's Book Contest, care Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33 Street, New York, or care The American Girl, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York.

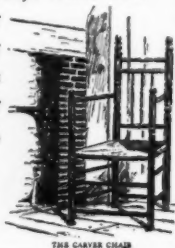
**Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, a college president, gives some suggestions next month**

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## The Art of Salad Making

(Continued from page 25)

Select a small, heavy, crisp head of cabbage. Prepare a clean place on your table or bring out your cutting board. Have your long slicing knife very sharp. Remove the bad or wilted outside leaves of the cabbage. Cut it in half and then shred off enough to make two cups. Next clean your celery removing all the tough strings. Cut the stalks crosswise in one inch pieces and then slit these lengthwise in very small strips so that they look like short matches. Clean the green pepper. Take out the seeds and cut off a slice or two and mince this very fine. Put all three of these in your salad bowl and add the rest of the ingredients. Toss lightly together and let it stand for about fifteen minutes or a half hour. Mixing a salad with oil and vinegar in this way is known as marinating. It adds to the flavor. All meat and cooked vegetable salads and salads made with green leaves, like lettuce, romaine, endive, should not be mixed with the oil and vinegar till just before serving because these wilt the leaves and make the salad unappetizing in appearance. When it is time to serve your cabbage salad, add one fourth to one half cup of mayonnaise and toss together lightly. Then mound on salad plates and garnish with a leaf or two of crisp lettuce.

As I have said, this is a basic recipe and may be varied in many ways: Add a red skinned apple, cored and diced, but not peeled. This gives a delightful bit of color. For a gala occasion you may even go so far as to hollow out red apples, one for each serving and serve the salad in these. Pimento may be used instead of, or in addition to, the green pepper. It might be interesting to make as many variations of this salad as your ingenuity can devise and send the list of the successful recipes to the other readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Along with the cabbage, I think you should be able to present to your family and friends a good potato salad, hence I am giving you this salad in a little different guise.

### Potato Salad

- 4 cold boiled potatoes
- 1 small cucumber
- ½ cup or more of diced celery
- 2 green peppers minced
- ½ cup of left-over vegetables such as peas, beans, asparagus
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 2 tablespoons minced onions
- 4-6 tablespoons salad oil
- 2-3 tablespoons vinegar
- pepper and salt to taste
- 1 teaspoon celery or mustard seed

The best potatoes for salad are the waxy kind and the first new potatoes are usually especially good. All that is necessary to achieve wonderful results with this salad is a fertile imagination and a little initiative on your part. Cut the potatoes and cucumber in one-half inch cubes. Put these together with all the other ingredients into a large bowl which has been rubbed with garlic. Then toss lightly together until well mixed with the oil and vinegar. Let this mixture stand for one hour. Toss together with some mayonnaise, not too much, and pile on lettuce leaves. Garnish the individual salads with a slice of beet, another of hard cooked egg and two or three slices of stuffed olive or a green pickle.

Both of these salads, as I have given them to you, are really luncheon or supper salads, although the cabbage, in small quantity and without the mayonnaise, is correct also for a dinner salad. For the dinner salad, I am advising you to use either lettuce, romaine or endive, dressed with the plain French dressing for which I gave you the recipe last month. This may be varied in many ways:

Lemon juice in the place of vinegar gives a more delicate flavor to the dressing. Grapefruit juice with a little powdered sugar makes a dressing that is excellent with fruit salads. Ketchup or a small cube of Roquefort cheese may be added.

There is no space to give you a mayonnaise dressing recipe, so I shall refer you to the commercial mayonnaise of which there are many excellent makes. These may be varied by adding chopped pickles, capers, chile sauce, pimento or olives.

## Ghosts!!



SH-H-H! It's a ghost story this time. THE AMERICAN GIRL wants you to send in your favorite one—the one that made your hair tickle and your spine prickles when you first heard it, the one that you reserve now to tell on moonless nights before the campfire or on chilly evenings at home when

the wind whistles and the shutters flap mournfully against the side of the house.

The story needn't be original—in fact, few ghost stories are. The best ones have been passed from one person to another until their first sponsor is quite lost sight of. Perhaps your pet story is about a haunted house in your town, where

strange sounds are heard as the hour of midnight approaches. Or perhaps you have a family ghost. And maybe you have slept in the very room that the ghost likes best to visit when he—or she—makes nocturnal rounds.

But no matter where you got your ghost story, write it down in not more than five hundred words for the magazine. One of these stories, sent in by readers, will be printed every month during the summer. And the author of every one printed will receive a book as an award.

Put your name, address, age and troop number—if you are a Girl Scout—on the upper left hand corner of the first page of your manuscript. Write in ink, on one side of the paper—or use the typewriter if you know how—and mail your story now to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Jungle Pets" is a true story of Indian life by Dhan Gopal Mukerji—in May

## Can a Girl Learn to Pitch?

(Continued from page 30)

trials. Five points are given for hitting the center area or the line bounding it, three points for hitting the outer area or the line bounding it. The score is the total number of points for five trials.

This target idea is valuable to every girl who wishes to practice pitching by herself. It is simple to draw a target on the side of a barn—or to make a target from an old mattress as many an aspiring baseball player has done.

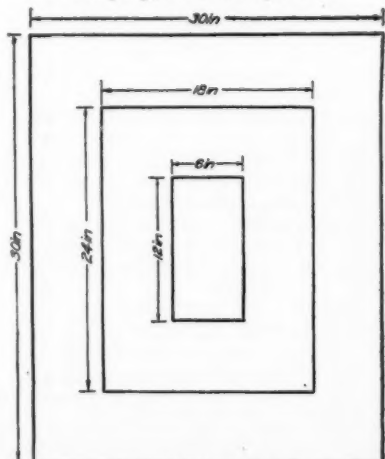
Photographs illustrating catching positions will appear next month. But, as it is a good idea to practice catching along with pitching and throwing, here are a few general rules to begin on:

If a ball is caught above the waist the fingers should be directed upward and slightly backward and the hands cupped around the ball. The fingers should be held close together. If a ball is caught below the waist the fingers are pointed downward and the thumbs held in close to the hands. If you will practice this sufficiently so that when you play you will put your knowledge into effect, sprained fingers will be avoided.

An interesting way in which to check up on your own catching—or indeed, on your throwing or your pitching—is to choose the girl who does it best and have her catch or throw or pitch while the rest of you look on. Try to see just what she does which makes for good form and effectiveness. Then try to do it yourself.

A good throw and catch game is "Center Tag Ball." This, too, is played in circle formation. One of the players stands in the center of an outspread circle and tries to catch or tag the ball as the others throw it around as in "Circle Ball." If she is successful in doing it, she changes places with the player who touched the ball just before she did.

**NOTE:** These suggestions for throwing, pitching and catching, and the directions for "Center Tag Ball" have been reprinted from the book, "An Athletic Program," by Leonora Andersen, with the permission of the publishers, A.S. Barnes and Company, New York, N. Y.



A diagram of the target for accuracy throw

## Climb like a Chamois!

Now that spring is back again, there will be a lot of things that Zipps can help you do. Perhaps there will be roofs and trees to climb—hills and ledges to explore.

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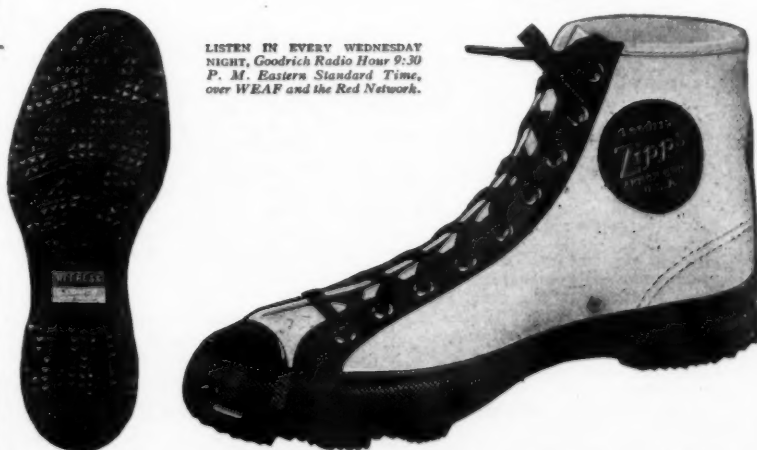
corrugated toe foxing. Notice the thick-cushioned safety sole.

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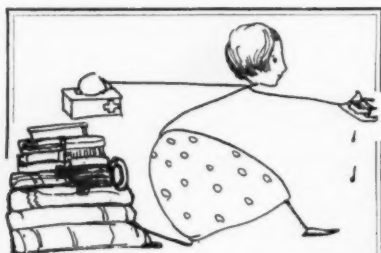
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G. S. Game Book	1	
Guide Rope	1	
Iodine Pen	1	
Bandeaux	1	
Knots, Hitches & Splices	1	
Belt (web)	1	
Scouting is Fun	1	
Girl Guide Book of Games	1	
First Aid Book	2	1
First Aid Kit (small)	2	1
Knife, No. 3	2	1
Handbook	2	1
Sun Watch	2	1
Compass (plain)	2	1
American Girl (1 year)	3	
Ring (silver)	3	2
Knife, No. 1	3	2
Compass (radiolite)	3	2
Axe	3	2
Bloomers	3	2
Knife (hunting)	3	2
Nature Project	3	2
Middy	3	2
First Aid Camp Kit	3	2
Flashlight (small)	3	2
Flashlight (large)	4	3
Pedometer	4	3
Ring (gold)	4	3
Knicker	4	3
Camp Kit	4	3
Haversack, No. 2	4	3
G. S. Handyfacts	4	3
First Aid Kit (large)	5	4
Aluminum Mess Kit	5	4
Aluminum Canteen	5	4
Girl Scout Book Ends	6	4
Archery Set (special)	7	5
Wrist Watch	9	6
Camera Kodak	11	8
Blankets	12	8
Coat Sweater	14	10

### Premiums for Your Troop

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Standards for Flag Staffs	3	2
Flag Carrier	4	3
American Flag (2x3)	4	3
Eagle Emblem	4	3
Troop Flag (2x3) (Lettering extra)	5	4
Scout Emblem	7	5
Troop Flag (2 1/2 x 4) (Lettering extra)	7	5
American Flag (3x5)	7	5
Bugle	9	6
American Flag (4x6)	9	7
Troop Flag (3x5) (Lettering extra)	11	8
Troop Flag (4x6) (Lettering extra)	14	10

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## Upstairs, Downstairs

(Continued from page 28)

the riotous color of potted plants. Unconsciously, the peace of the room became reflected in the girl's face, so that even before Miss Luval began to speak, Barbara felt better.

"Did you ever hear the story of Fair Janet?" she asked. Then, at Barbara's head-shake, she went on in her low, musical voice. "I cannot tell you it in detail; but here is the outline and I will let you read the story later. Perhaps it will help you—if you find a meaning for yourself in it." And in her quiet voice she told this story:

*"Fair Janet was the daughter of the Earl of March and she was so beautiful that many knights and noblemen had asked to marry her; but she would say ye to none of them.*

*"One day, as she sat sewing a seam, she heard the sound of a horn, sweet and clear, down in the forest. It seemed to call to her, 'Janet, fair Janet, come hither!'"*

*"She answered the summons. And deep in the heart of the wood, she found a knight all dressed in green, with a silver horn at his lips.*

*"Please, good sir," she asked timidly, "is that a fairy horn ye blow and are ye a fairy knight?"*

*"Aye," answered the Knight in Green, "and you be the first to hear it, fair Janet, though I have blown it in many forests. Yet am I mortal, like yourself, being the son of the Earl of Murray, and once my name was John, though now the Little People, who stole me when I was a wee child, call me Tamlane. Only a lady, brave and true, can set me free. You, fair Janet! And this be how ye are to do so. This night be All Hallow-e'en when the Little People ride abroad at midnight and ye must wait at Mile-cross for them to pass. I shall ride by on a white horse and my left hand shall be bare o' glove. Seize ye, then, that hand, and pull me from my horse. Be brave and true and hold fast to that which ye have, for it is Happiness.*

*"So fair Janet kissed Tamlane and promised to do as he bade her. And it came to pass. But when she had seized him, after the fairy queen had ridden past, the fairies called, 'Tamlane's awa! Tamlane's awa!' And the queen hurried back. Then was Janet sore afraid, for the queen changed the Knight to a great, gray wolf that struggled and snapped at her. Then it was not a wolf she held, but a bale of burning straw. Then it was a swan that beat its wings in her face and hissed at her. But she shut her eyes and held it, brave and true. And when the wings were still, she opened her eyes and saw that it was her own true love.*

For a few moments there was no sound in the big room after Miss Luval's soft voice had ceased, for Barbara sat dreaming. Then the girl roused herself.

"Be brave and true and

hold fast to that which ye have, for it is Happiness," she repeated shyly. "What a lovely thought, Miss Luval."

"It is yours, together with this little blue and gold book, dear," returned Miss Luval, smiling at her. And Barbara found herself dismissed, with the little blue and gold book in her hand.

The next few days passed in wintry storm, so bitter that the daily walk was omitted and exercise in the big gymnasium substituted. But it was not the same. It was here, late one afternoon, that Barbara, drifting around the room, brought up beside a group of girls around Fatty, to whom they were listening open-mouthed and wide-eyed.

"I tell you," Fatty was saying impressively, "Lily-bell swears to it! She actually saw the White Lady last night, she says! Honestly, it'd make your blood run cold to hear that colored girl! This is the way she told me. 'Ah was jes' comin' along the corridor in the Old House, neah the maw'nin' room, when all of a sudden Ah seen her, Miss Susan! She riz right outa dat flo! Ah shuah did let out a screech, so 'at Miss Nancy come a-runnin' an' a-peerin' at me froo the dusk. She laft at me, Miss Nancy did. 'Nonsense, Lily-bell,' she said to me, 'doan you know dat White Lady ain't been seen since de wah? Dere ain't no mo' ghosts aroun' heah, now!' But Ah done seen dat White Lady a-walkin'!" And in imitation of the colored waitress' horrified tones, Fatty's voice sank to such depths that an appalled silence settled over her hearers.

"Lawdy!" Renée's pale cheeks turned a little paler. "Ah heard Lily-bell screech, too," she confessed. "If Ah'd known, then, that was what she was a-hollerin' about! Ah wish," she gave a little shiver, "you all hadn't told us, Fatty!" She glanced up at Barbara. "Did you heah her screech?" she asked.

But unfortunately, all of Barbara's common sense rebelled at the tale of Negro superstition she had just heard.

"It's too bad I missed the excitement," said Barbara stiffly. "I was asleep on the couch in the morning-room!"

"But that's right where Lily-bell said she saw the White Lady!" exclaimed Fatty, staring round-eyed. Barbara, however, shook her head.

"I was asleep and heard nothing," she repeated drabbly, moving away. There was a huffed pause, then Renée, ever thoughtful, broke it by jumping to her feet. "The last one on the ladders is a bob-tailed, pie-eyed monkey," she shrieked childishly. And as though by magic, that end of the gymnasium was cleared of lounging girls.

Left to herself upon one of the ropes, Barbara started to climb idly. She had sensed her tactlessness, knew at once that the girls thought her uninteresting and unfriendly. There had been her chance! Why could she not have created some exciting



There are all sorts of lovely dressing-tables—and so easy to make, too!—

details to add to Lily-bell's foolish tale, secure interest in herself?

Suddenly, a gasp far above her caused Barbara to look up. There, seated, chalky-faced, swaying, upon the beam to which the ropes were attached, was a slender, golden-haired girl.

"I feel so—so queer," stammered the girl. "I—I—"

Her voice strangled itself into silence. Barbara knew instinctively, that the girl was about to faint. A thrill of terror engulfed her as she glanced down at the cement floor, thirty or more feet below the beam. It was just at this moment that the teacher, stepping into the gym, happened to look up.

"Julie!" The color drained out of Miss Atkinson's face. "What's the matter?"

"My head!" she muttered stupidly. "Can't see—dizzy—it's my head—"

Again came that stifled cry as she swayed forward, then backward. Even the teacher's lips trembled as she sought for self-control. She started to run toward a pile of mats, with a vague idea of dragging them beneath Julie, and some of the girls caught at this idea and ran forward, too. But above them, a tall, slender figure had already started to the rescue.

Poor Barbara—her climb had almost exhausted her. Every inch of that upward straining seemed to tear at her muscles unbearably. She told herself despairingly she could not climb another foot—and saw that she must climb three! Must climb two! At last she almost grasped the edge of the girder and in her terrific eagerness missed it and slipped back down her rope. Julie, her eyes closed, almost unconscious, slumped forward perilously. Below, with the little mats piled in futile fashion before her, Miss Atkinson wrung her hands. Someone started to sob while Barbara, the perspiration of agonized effort streaming into her eyes, made a last attempt. Little green and purple lights danced before her eyes. Could she do it? Could she reach that little figure before it should slip off from its place of danger and go hurtling down through the air?

Then, all at once, these words flashed into Barbara's numb mind. She muttered them aloud, with great panting breaths between each word.

"Be brave—and—true—and—hold—fast—to—that—which—ye have, for—it is—Happiness! Do you—hear—me, Julie?" One last effort and she reached the girder. Julie opened her eyes. As Barbara reached out a hand to her she put out her own and at the warm, strong touch her strength flowed back.

When they had got down, somehow, Barbara watching the other girl every minute, Miss Luval entered the gymnasium and came up to the excited, agitated girls.

"Well, I'm glad to see you all so merry," she smiled. Someone laughed hysterically but, without noticing it, the principal turned to Barbara. "My dear," she said hurriedly, "I came to tell you that you are to room with Julie, whose roommate has been called home unexpectedly." Nor did she fail to catch the smile that flashed between the two girls.

(Continued on page 56)

## A WORD FROM THE MAKERS



The Official Label to be found only in the new official Girl Scout Uniform. Always look for it.

A HIGH STANDARD of smart tailoring insuring fit and style to perfection will be our constant aim in making the new official Girl Scout Uniform.

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*Helen Perry Curtis gives directions for three different kinds in May*



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## Upstairs, Downstairs

(Continued from page 55)

Tall, thin, dark-eyed Barbara felt shy fingers slip into the poor hand that still burned and stung from her rope-climbing. She glanced down at Julie and smiled her rare, charming smile.

### CHAPTER VI

#### Your-Mother's-Name-is-Gail

"A Spanish Cavalier stood in his re-tree-ect—"

Julie paused on the threshold of Fatty's room and laughingly surveyed the scene before her. Carlisle Martin, with the chafing-dish balanced miraculously upon her head for a helmet, a hand mirror for her guitar, somebody's umbrella stuck through someone's else scarf around her waist in lieu of sword and sword-belt, was impersonating, with bows and sighs and rolling of eyes, the lovelorn Cavalier. Fatty, resplendent in her new iridescent party dress, with the bed-spread hanging majestically from her shoulders for a train, with a fringed towel around her head for a lace mantilla, and a newspaper, folded fanwise and held up that she might peep coquettishly over it down into Carlisle's eyes, occupied a perilous position on the bed, leaning on a couple of chairs which had been piled there for a "balcony railing." Renée was the orchestra, assisting Carlisle's "guitar," while sundry other girls were crowded into one corner of the room as audience.

"Remember what I sa-aay and be troo-oo, de-ear!"

All would have gone well had not Fatty, at that moment, in order to gaze yet more languishingly into her swain's eyes, shifted a trifle upon the unsteady "balcony railing." Instantly there was a gasp, a swift vision of Fatty pawing the air for balance and then a crash, with Carlisle, Fatty and the chair hopelessly entangled in a heap upon the floor, while the "orchestra" stopped with a croak of dismay, and the audience rushed to the rescue.

"Golly-gosh!" Amid the peals of laughter that swept the room as soon as it was discovered no one was really injured, Carlisle sat up and thoughtfully examined the dents in the abused chafing dish. "I thought you said you had been dieting, Fatty! You'd never know it!"

"Well," sniffed Fatty, "if that's all the good my dieting's done, I'll start this very evening on that pound of candy Cousin Albert sent me."

"Fatty, this time you guessed wrong—you'll not wait until evening! You'll start on that candy now, this very minute!" Instantly a chorus of cries arose and threatening figures surrounded Fatty.

"Huh, threaten me, will you! Well, now, let me tell you something, my little dears! If you want that candy now, this very minute, suppose you go and get it. Old Constitution has it. It came in the mail this morning and she just mentioned she had it and would I please come and get it, *this evening!*"

"Oh, dear!" The chorus instantly subsided into grumbling. No one was brave

Judy had to write obituaries, but at last her big chance came and—



enough to venture into the lion's den before the appointed time. "Isn't that mean! What'd you mention the candy for at all, Fatty, when you knew you couldn't have it before tonight!"

"Cease firing!" commanded Julie, stepping forward from the doorsill where, unnoticed, she had been chuckling. "And I'll whisper a secret! Aunt C'listie sent me a real-honest-to-goodness chocolate cake which Mrs. Lawtry did not see, because it came 'special' and not in the regular mail, and if you'll wait a minute—" She turned and vanished, while Fatty clasped her hands over her stomach.

"By the way, Fatty, I've asked Barbara to drop in," said Julie when she came back.

"Of course!" "No!" Simultaneously came the two answers. The girls all looked at each other uncomfortably and then at Carlisle's suddenly blazing cheeks and snapping eyes.

"What's the idea, Julie, trying to force that girl on us? We don't want her in here," said the latter now.

Julie drew herself up. Surprisingly, all at once, she looked like Gail Austin at her most dignified moment. "I wasn't aware that this was your room, Carlisle," she said icily.

"It isn't!" answered Carlisle sharply. "Just the same, we don't want that girl here and you know it."

"Is that true?" Julie demanded of Fatty and Renée. Renée, disliking a scene, hesitated; but Fatty spoke bluntly.

"No, it isn't true," she said. "I, for one, like Barbara Gainsworth immensely and since this is my room, she will be welcome here as my guest!"

"Well, if that's the way everyone feels," Carlisle sprang to her feet and looked furiously around her at the sober faces, "I'll get out!"

"Oh, have a heart!" Renée arose, feeling loyalty to her angry roommate rather like a mill-stone around her neck. "Fatty didn't say she didn't want you, Carlisle! Why can't you stay and be nice even if Barbara does come? No one wants you to go!"

But the chorus of remonstrances mingled with the slam of Fatty's door. Carlisle had flung herself out of the room.

Renée came after her and followed her into their room. Carlisle was standing by the window her hands pressed to her hot cheeks.

"You needn't have come," she said sharply. "If you like Barbara Gainsworth better than me—"

"I don't and you know it, but what's the use of bein' so mean to her?"

"And what's the use of my putting up with someone I cordially detest? And why should I have to explain why I do anything?"

"You don't have to, to me, Carlisle. But if that's how you feel about it, I reckon I'll go on back."

"I don't care!" Carlisle said to herself as the door closed on Renée. "I can't stand Barbara Gainsworth. I won't put up with that kill-joy. She is stupid."

But she knew that the real reason she hated Barbara was because those demerits had cost her the scholarship, because ever since Barbara had come everything

had gone wrong—just when things were coming right, too.

When Renée came back to the party, Fatty was comforting Julie.

"Don't you care, Julie!" she was saying as she lumbered over to place her arms around Julie's slim shoulders. "Carlisle's about due for a spill, anyway. If we don't show her she can't have everything her own charming way all the time, Providence will!"

"What do you mean?" Julie dried her eyes and looked up at the fat girl.

"I mean, something bigger than Carlisle can manage will happen," answered the latter seriously. "Y'see, I don't believe that girl's ever had to give up anything she really wanted, from what she's told me. In spite of a lot of brothers, she's always had the best of everything in that family. Well," Fatty shrugged her shoulders, "life's not made that way. You can't have your cake and eat it, too, unless other people will let you have theirs and they soon tire of that. Cake?" Fatty brought her philosophical speech to a sudden close. "Where have I heard that word before?" She ambled back to the cake-box.

That night a little while before bedtime, Barbara glanced anxiously across the study-table at her roommate. "Don't you feel well, Julie?" she asked.

Julie raised a hot, aching head from icy hands. "Oh, I feel all right," she said, trying to answer brightly. "I was just thinking."

"Thinking?" Barbara half sighed. She, too, had been thinking, wondering, planning how to obtain Carlisle's friendship. "Yep,—about a lot of things." Gravely, Julie looked across at the other. "I don't believe you really know how much I like you, old lady."

"Oh, forget it, Julie!" Barbara gave an uncomfortable laugh. "See here," she went on hurriedly, in an obvious endeavor to change the subject, "isn't this a queer one?"

"What?" Julie glanced casually at the slip of paper Barbara held out for her inspection. "It's one of your French exercises, isn't it?" she added.

"No."

"It isn't? It certainly is your handwriting, Babs!" Julie leaned forward to examine the paper more carefully.

"It really isn't, though," said Barbara crisply. "It's Carlisle's handwriting. Mademoiselle gave it back to me this morning, because it had no name on it and she thought, too, it was my handwriting."

"Well, that's certainly queer! I'd have sworn it was your handwriting," responded Julie, staring down interestedly at the paper. "See, there are your t's and your straight-lined m's! Why, Barbara, I'd swear that you had written that French exercise! Queer, isn't it, that two people who dislike each other as you and Carlisle should write so exactly alike!"

"Isn't it!" said Barbara moodily. She did not tell Julie that the dislike was all too one-sided.

The next morning Julie felt quite ill; but she dragged herself out of bed and, after breakfast was over she even joined in a game of tag. Soon she was "it" and

(Continued on page 59)



Marjorie was  
"the most popular girl"  
at the party.

## You Can Earn For School Fun, Too!

"Marjorie Barrett—what a darling dress!"

The girls all exclaimed admiringly.

And the boys—they didn't say much, but how they crowded around happy Marjorie!

And you'd have admired her, too—a slim brown-haired girl in a leaf-green georgette dress.

For she seemed the radiant center of every group.

Then—after the party was over, Marjorie sat down at her own little desk at home and wrote me:

Dear Club Manager: I've just returned home from the nicest party that ever was! Right now, as I write you, I'm still wearing the lovely green georgette dress that I bought with Girls' Club dollars. You'll remember I joined the Club only five weeks ago. Think what I'd have missed if I hadn't.

Marjorie Barrett.

"The most popular girl at the party"—is there any girl who hasn't secretly craved that title? . . . So many other girls are writing me their glad stories, too. Mildred Vernor says:

Dear Manager: I started after Club dollars when I was twelve years old.

Now I've just put \$15.00 in my purse which will be spent for a new hat and shoes—and maybe there'll be a bit left over for good times!

I'm sure you'd like to belong to our own chummy Girls' Club where you can earn money for lovely clothes, good times and the many gay little things a girl wants.

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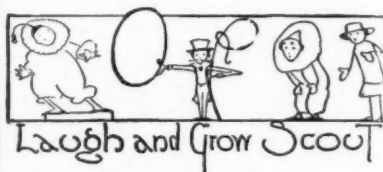
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### The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

#### Not Ambidextrous

CLERK: Here's a nice cup, madam, the best we have in the store.

MRS. JONES: All right I'll buy it. Now, I want another with the handle on the other side. My husband's left handed.—Sent by CATHERINE KATZ, Cedarburg, Wisconsin.

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"I see you have a sign in your store. 'We aim to Please!'" remarked the irritated customer.

"Certainly," replied the proprietor, "that is our motto."

"Well," retorted the customer, "you ought to take a little time off for target practice."—Sent by HENRIETTA MAIER, Buffalo, New York.

### Mardi Gras a la King

A young girl was conversing with a gentleman whom she had just met, and on whom she wished to make an impression.

"I just got home from New Orleans," said she.

"Oh really!" he replied. "How did you like the Mardi Gras?"

"Oh-er, just fine," she answered, "the best I've ever eaten."—Sent by RUTH JEFFERIS, Wilmington, Delaware.



A Busy Poet

ADA: Mother, I know who the greatest children's poet is. He wrote most of the poem's in this volume.

MOTHER: Why, who is it?

ADA: I can't pronounce his name but it is spelled A-n-o-n-y-m-o-u-s.—Sent by CHARLOTTE CHAMBERS, Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

Your own ghost stories during the summer! Read about them on page fifty-two

## Upstairs, Downstairs

(Continued from page 57)

a wild chase led her abruptly through a small door that opened for descent into the school basement by way of a short flight of steps.

The contrast from the glare of the bright spring sunshine without to the semi-darkness of the basement blinded her for an instant or so and she stood laughing and panting, pushing back her thick hair with a gesture inherited from her mother. Then a strange thing happened. Someone came swiftly forward out of the gloom of the basement to take her roughly by the shoulders.

A man's voice, hoarse and cracked, said, "Gail! Gail!"

Julie pulled herself away with a jerk. "My name isn't Gail!" she cried.

The man took a backward step and drew a vague hand across his brow. Then Julie saw with astonishment that he was Mr. Atterton, the gardener of the school. "My name is Julie." She half turned away, adding, "But my mother's name is Gail."

"Your—mother's—name—is—Gail," repeated Mr. Atterton slowly. His eyes were fixed immovably upon Julie's half-averted face. "And you look like your mother," he said positively.

Julie swung around again to look at him in surprise. "How do you know? You've never seen my mother, have you? Unless it was on the screen."

"On the screen," mumbled Mr. Atterton. "No," he said suddenly and loudly. Then he said "Gail!" again and Julie, becoming uneasy over his odd behavior, turned toward the stairs.

All that day, as Julie scrambled, somehow, through her lessons with a head that seemed five times its natural size and eyes that seemed to be full of prickles, she could not get the thought of Mr. Atterton out of her mind.

He had always been odd, had had the habit of mumbling to himself and had slept in a little, clean, cell-like room adjacent to the large greenhouses. Julie knew only that his face seemed to dance before her, all day, and that her head ached and ached!

It ached so badly by the time the last study hour had ended, just before bedtime, in the big study hall, and Miss Luval was announcing something about a prize competition in literature, that Julie found herself almost stupefied by the pain. It was Barbara, glancing around to see where Julie was, who discovered her and flew back laughingly to arouse her. One glance down into the flushed face and dazed eyes of her roommate, however, stopped the laugh upon her lips.

"Julie!" Barbara bent over her, gave her a gentle shake. "Why don't you come?"

"It was that man!" said Julie. She looked up at Barbara with frightened eyes and suddenly hid her face in her arms. "I'm falling!" she muttered. "It is so far to the floor—over thirty feet!"

Now thoroughly alarmed, Barbara glanced around the big, deserted room. Only Mr.

Atterton, the gardener, was at the far end of the room. Barbara called softly to him, afraid to leave Julie for fear she might slip, unconscious, from her seat. But when he approached and Julie, glancing up, saw him, she uttered a shriek and shrank back against Barbara. "No! No!"

Mr. Atterton stood gazing down at her with an unmoved face. "Looks as though she had a fever," he said. "She acts delirious."

"Yes." Barbara's lips trembled. "Will you go for Miss Luval, please? And hurry!"

Then, as he left the room, she bent down to Julie and took the burning hands in her own steady ones. "It's all right, Julie dear! Here's Barbara!"

*What has happened so far in this story*

Two girls, utterly different in temperament and background, are destined to meet at Harwood Hall, Miss Luval's Virginia boarding-school. They are Carlisle Martin, from a small town in the Middle West, whose family have very little money with which to send her to school, and Renée d'Auberville, who has just inherited a huge fortune from her grandfather in New Orleans and whose life has been spent in traveling with him, her only near relative, all over the world.

These two are unaware of one another's existence, and are absorbed in preparations for boarding-school. And they don't know about Julie Austin, either, who is fretting in a seashore hotel because she hasn't a real home. Julie's mother is the famous Gail Austin, known to motion-picture audiences, and her work demands that she travel around. Although she loves having her daughter with her, Gail Austin realizes that a more regular life is necessary for a growing girl so, after a visit to Aunt Calista, in Connecticut—a visit during which Julie senses a certain mystery in her mother's life—Gail Austin tells her daughter that she is to go to school at Harwood Hall.

Barbara Gainsworth is going to Harwood, too, from New York. She is going for the same reason that Julie is—because it is the school that her mother attended. Only Barbara's mother is dead, not lovely and alive like Julie's.

When Barbara arrives at Harwood, part of the school year has been completed. She finds Carlisle and Renée rooming together, and she is put with them temporarily. The first evening, a group of girls come rushing in to see her, after the room-bell has rung. Mrs. Lawtry—called "Old Constitution"—comes along the hall and the girls flee, all but "Fatty" who is caught under the bed between the wall and a steamer-trunk. As Mrs. Lawtry enters the room, Renée and Carlisle scramble into bed with their clothes on.

What does Mr. Atterton know of Julie—and of Gail Austin? Is his queerness connected in any way with the "White Lady," that ghost of Harwood Hall? There is more mystery next month, and more thrills!



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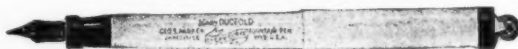
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## Nan's Friends

(Continued from page 23)

starved for companionship. Tim was kind, but he was only a brother, and always busy, besides.

She listened for the laughter that always met her, but no sound came from the big house. Why were they all so silent?

She went around to the side and hesitated, a little startled by the uncanny stillness. Then she grinned suddenly at her timidity and entered.

All six girls were seated in the kitchen, nobody speaking a word. Elise Trevor sat near the door and looked hard at Nan as she entered.

For the first time since she had been bringing the milk to these pampered girls, Nan felt that to-night they were all waiting for her, not for the milk, but for her.

She saw Rosalie in a far corner of the room, looking at her with expressive eyes; they seemed to pity and comfort at the same time. What was the matter?

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Nan wondered why she was told in so abrupt a manner. "You—you couldn't have mislaid it, could you?"

"No I have not mislaid it. The purse was stolen. Stolen from the table in the living room. I put it there before we left for town, and then forgot to take it with me."

Nan flushed vividly. Surely Elise could not imagine that she had taken it. Yet, she realized with a start, all the girls evidently believed, that she had. That was the reason for this disconcerting silence. They thought her a thief. Did Rosalie—could she think that she had taken the purse?

She looked again at her friend, and saw, not condemnation, not even pity, but loyalty and belief. She gulped gratefully and spoke to Rosalie, ignoring Elise Trevor and the other girls.

"I hope you find your purse," she said. "I must go now. Mother is waiting supper."

She turned to the open door, but Elise halted her with, "Are you sure you know nothing about this, Nan?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I should appreciate the return of my purse. I shall ask no questions if it is brought back."

Rosalie jumped up from her place. "You are upset, Elise. You don't know what you are saying."

She put her arm through Nan's and guided the distraught girl out into the freedom of the cool evening.

"Don't worry," she said loyally. "I know you didn't take it, dear, and the others don't think so, either. Elise is in a nasty humor, but she will get over it."

Nan stumbled along the bumpy road, her eyes blinded by resentful tears. Heretofore she had been known to these girls as "farmer" and "milkmaid," but now she was branded a common thief.

She clenched her hands. How did they dare think that she, Nan Baines, could do such a thing?

Suddenly she remembered that she had left the house a few seconds before

Parched days under glaring sun, shivering nights—and terrible thirst—

the crowd of girls had filed in. She had to admit that her action might have seemed significant. Why had she been in such a hurry to leave?

Nan was sensible however, and she soon slowed her pace. Digging her heels viciously into the soft road she tried to fathom the mystery of the lost purse. No one had been at home; the girls had been in town and she had been with Rosalie. It must have been taken by a tramp, or—

She stopped breathlessly, her eyes shining with her discovery. "Of course—that shadow against the house!" She had not been dreaming, then.

Nan stopped in the road. She would go back to the Trevor house and tell them what she knew. She would tell them that the thief was a man, a man she had seen skulking from the lawn as she and Rosalie neared the house.

But would they believe her? Certainly Elise would not. She would think that Nan had concocted the story to conceal her own guilt.

She checked a sob and wiped her eyes vigorously to prevent a further flood of emotion.

It was a glorious, wind-tossed afternoon and Nan felt her spirits surge in spite of the gloom that had been with her all day. The blue sky was flecked with crisp little clouds that looked like rifted mother-of-pearl.

"Rain," said Nan, wrinkling her nose.

She was on her way home, but disposed to loiter. She was trying to get away from herself, away from her thoughts of the lost purse. She could not chase it from her mind.

A canoe suddenly rounded the bend of the river and Nan recognized the *Firefly*, Elise's bright red canoe.

It was difficult to make out who was paddling, and who were the two in the middle. Nan decided that Rosalie was steering. She watched the gay canoe toss over the choppy waves.

"It was foolish to go out on the river to-day," she thought. The girls had evidently decided to take things easy, and were floating along with the current.

Nan strolled slowly, her eyes following the bright spot of color that bobbed up and down before her. She was thinking bitterly of Elise Trevor's injustice, and wondered if she would ever be able to convince the girls that she had not taken the purse.

It was a terrible weight upon her shoulders. She had not yet summoned the courage to tell about it at home.

She glanced at the canoe going steadily onward, wondering how soon they would turn and make for shore. It was not safe to venture too near the rapids on such a windy day.

Suddenly she gasped. Did Rosalie or any of the girls paddling so serenely down that treacherous river, know of the rapids, through which no canoe could come unless driven by strong and skilled hands?

Surely they did not know. They were not even trying to turn around, with every second carrying them closer.

Underneath that tumbling water were  
(Continued on page 62)



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Have you been looking in the store windows? Have you been able to buy the things you want? That bonnet, those gloves, that purse, that scarf?

Don't be discouraged if you can't afford them. There is a way to get them—the Earn-Your-Own way. Let Betty Brooks tell you how you can get the dollars for the many things you need.

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Please tell me how I can earn money my spring clothes.

Name.....

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## Nan's Friends

(Continued from page 61)

jagged rocks, some of which pointed up nearly to the surface of the water, and rested on the river bed eighteen or twenty feet below. Others extended above the surface like slippery cones. The *Firefly* could never come through.

Nan began to run up the dusty tow-path. They barely had time to pull back; the canoe was drifting quickly. She waved her arms wildly and shouted to the girls on the river.

"Rosalie, Rosalie," she called.

She must get much closer if she expected them to hear. She put all her energy into running, and when she was almost opposite them, "Rosalie, the rapids—the rapids!" Some one in the canoe heard her and was waving.

"The rapids," she yelled, and pointed to the seething, tumbling water not far ahead in the path of the canoe.

The girls immediately realized their danger. Nan could see Rosalie struggling to backwater, while the girl in the bow, plainly frightened, was frantically churning her paddle in and out of the water, hindering any success that they might have had in turning about and getting to shore.

Nan ran along the bank, her eyes on the thoroughly frightened girls. She knew that nothing short of a miracle could keep them from being caught in the rapids. She shuddered.

The canoe was beginning to circle around in an eddy. In another moment it would upset.

"Jump," she screamed, and began to tear off her shoes with one hand while she tugged at the fastenings of her woolen dress with the other.

She did not hesitate. When the *Firefly* gave a lurch against a jutting rock, she was already halfway down to the river's edge, and when the canoe overturned like a frail eggshell in the churning water, she was well out to the middle of the river.

The current bore her downstream quickly, so that she had to work hard not to be caught in the rapids herself, before she reached the canoe. Two of the girls, who had jumped at Nan's command, were already swimming toward shore.

Meanwhile she had found a footing on a high rock that extended about four feet below the surface of the water. Here she rested for a moment and looked about eagerly for Rosalie.

Just then her friend emerged from under the canoe—such a white, frightened Rosalie as Nan had never seen. Nan struck out to help her, but Rosalie pointed to the canoe that brought up against the side of another rock.

"She's under there,"

she gasped. "I tried to get her out—save her, Nan."

"Who?" screamed Nan, above the roar of the water.

"It's Elise. She's still under there. I can get to shore. Save her!" Rosalie's voice strangled in her throat as she struck out.

Nan turned back into the rapids, swimming with a strength she had not known she possessed. There was another girl in there, and she must save her. She did not think of Elise as the girl who had been cruel to her, or as the girl who had accused her of theft. She thought of her as a helpless girl that had to be saved.

Nan doubled her efforts. The girl under the canoe might be suffocated as well as drowned. She lurched forward through a malicious spray and reached the *Firefly*. Elise was wedged between two forked rocks where she had been caught after the current had forced her from under the canoe. She was unconscious, lying face upwards.

It took all Nan's strength to lift the heavy body, and to bring it through that nightmare of noise and water. She set her teeth; she would not give up now.

To the exhausted girl the struggle against the rapids seemed endless. Then suddenly she found herself in quiet water borne, half unconscious, down the river. A terrible numbness was getting hold of her, but she clung tenaciously to the body of the girl she had saved.

When she could no longer think clearly or even remember why she was here in the river with a heavy weight that she must not drop, she saw a hazy bulk coming towards her. It was a boat. She, herself, was lifted from the water—and the rest was gentle forgetfulness.

The next evening when Nan went to the Trevor house she was greeted by a chorus of shouts.

"Hello, Nan!"

"Hello," she answered shyly.

"Elise wants to see you, dear," said Rosalie, and led her up the broad stairs into a large bedroom, where Elise Trevor was propped up, her white face vying with the pillow in pallor.

"Will you—will you be friends, Nan?" she asked timidly.

Nan put forth her own hand and said simply, "Let's. I've always wanted to."

"About that miserable old purse," the sick girl went on hurriedly, "it has been found. The sheriff found it on a tramp who was caught robbing a house in Fairport. My cards were inside and they brought it to me last evening. Can you forgive me?"

Nan smiled happily and patted the hand that was near her. "It's all over. We'll be great friends from now on," she said.

### Are You Going Abroad this Summer?

**I**F YOU are, and if you are a Girl Scout or a Girl Scout leader and want to visit foreign camps, you should write immediately to Mrs. Lyman Delano, Chairman of the International Committee of the Girl Scouts, at 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., for a card of introduction.

Also, the International Committee of the Girl Scouts requests all girls and leaders to pay the camp fee when visiting camps in foreign countries. This should be done even if hospitality is offered. Arrangements for visits should always be approved by the headquarters of the country visited.

Watch for summer handicraft articles in "The American Girl"



## These Are Houses Girl Scouts Built

(Continued from page 33)

"Each patrol was given a room," she says. "Patrol One, which was mine, fell heir to the kitchen and pantry. Enthusiastically we set to work, washing walls, scrubbing woodwork, cleaning windows and generally raising clouds of dust. Each of us brought at least one thing in the way of furnishings. Dorothy brought a cast-off chair, Margaret a rag rug, Anne Jean supplied draperies and pictures. "Meanwhile the other patrols had been working and their rooms were—well, almost as nice as ours."

### These girls have a bungalow In Colorado Springs, Colorado

"A bungalow, facing east—that is the Girl Scout Little House in Colorado Springs. The yard is large, with plenty of space for games, and there is a tennis court and enough room for a basketball field. A two car garage is a source of revenue for the troop. It brings in enough to buy soap," says Miss Emilie Holbrook, the director. And there are cherry and apple trees, too, which will come in handy in the canning season.

One of the older troops has taken charge of the gardens, vegetable and flower. They expect to can the vegetables.

### A wedding in the Cabin O'Dreams

#### The Girl Scout House at Iowa Falls

Yes, it was a *real* wedding, not a play, or a pageant or anything like that, and it was a real Girl Scout who was married at the Cabin O'Dreams in Iowa.

The Cabin O'Dreams is the Girl Scout Little House at Iowa Falls. And when one of the girls, Dorothy Weldon, who had helped to earn it, decided to be married, she chose the cabin as the place of her wedding.

"The river runs in front of the house," she writes, "and we stood outside, facing it, during the ceremony. A big full moon came up behind us while the woods were still light from the sun."

### These Little Houses are everywhere—

Write and tell about yours

These are only some of the Little Houses Girl Scouts have built. There are many more all over the country. New Rochelle, New York, has one, which the mayor dedicated. It is a charming place, with a small triangular front lawn boasting beds of gay hyacinths.

And, of course, you know of the Little House at Washington, D. C. That one is famous because President and Mrs. Coolidge once had dinner in its dining-room—a dinner cooked and served by Washington Girl Scouts.

### What Are You Doing for Art?

We have just heard of one Girl Scout troop that is holding an art exhibition, of another that has an orchestra and of another that is doing beautiful group singing. What is your troop doing in art, or music, or literature? Won't you write and tell us about it?

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One of Washington's newest and finest downtown hotels  
300 Rooms all with Tub and Shower Bath

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## The Finishing Touch to the Uniform —the Neckerchief



How that touch of gay color does relieve the khaki! Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, cardinal or yellow, also black, tied in a neat four-in-hand and set off with the golden trefoil pinned in the knot, a Girl Scout is truly uniformed.

Our neckerchiefs are of best mercerized cotton, embroidered with the trefoil seal. Only 45c.

Girl Scout Official Neckerchief  
Made by

STANTON BROS.  
NEW YORK

This neckerchief is on sale at Girl Scout  
Equipment Headquarters, New York



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Make your parties happy,  
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at a glance whether or not a certain game  
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supply of forms for both these vivacious  
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frolic, and it will be sent to you postpaid  
with a liberal supply of free forms.

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# Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

## EFFECTIVE FOR THE CURRENT MONTH

Uniforms			Price			Price			
Girl Scout Dress, green...	Size 8-12	Price \$4.25	Girl Scout Song Sheet...	Price \$0.04	First Class and Rambler...	Price \$0.05	Treasurer's or Scribe's Record		
Hat, Girl Scout...	14-14	4.75	Goodnight...	.03	Second Class and Observer...	.10	(15 sheets)...	.25c package	
Skirt...	10-12	2.75	Hiking On...	.30	Per Set of 3...	.15	Per sheet (broken pkg.)...	.3c ea.	
Bloomers...	10-14	2.75	Oh, Beautiful Country...	.05	Nature Projects—		Individual Record		
Knee Band Bloomers...	10-14	3.00	On the Trail...	.10	Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with note-book cover...	1.50	(30 sheets)...	.25c package	
Middy (Official)...	10-12	1.75	Midlet Size...	.05	Projects, each...	.40	Per sheet (broken pkg.)...	.2c ea.	
Web Belt...	28-38	.65	Lots of 10 or more...	.02	Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower instruction sheet, each...	.10	Troop Advancement Record		
Officer's Dress	40-45	.75	Onward...	.15	Audubon Bird Plates (set of 50)...	1.00	Troop Reports (30 sheets)...	.25c package	
Wool...	32-42	25.00	To America...	.25	Ye André Logge...	.75	Per sheet (broken pkg.)...	.2c ea.	
Cotton...	32-42	10.00	Flags			Miscellaneous			
Hat, Officer's, with insignia	6-8	3.00	American Flags			Axe, with sheath...		Price \$1.85	
High grade felt...	6-8	4.75	2x3 ft. Wool...	2.25	Pageant—		Belt Hooks, extra...	.05	
Belt, Officer's...	28-38	1.75	3x5 ft. Wool...	3.60	Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard), each...	.50	Blankets—3 1/4-pound camel's hair	5.50	
Leather, with hooks...	40-46	2.00	4x6 ft. Wool...	4.60	Girl Scout's Hope Chest (By Alice Sandford)...	.15	O. D.—3 1/4-pound all wool, size 60x80...	4.75	
Suede, dress...	28-38	1.25	Troop Flags			Patrol Register, each...	.15	† Brownie material—32" wide, per yd...	.25
Neckerechiefs, Cotton, each...	45		2 1/2 x 3 ft. Wool...	\$2.60 10c per letter	Patrol System for Girl Guides...	.25	Hugle...	5.00	
Neckerechiefs, silk, each...	2.00		3 x 5 ft. Wool...	5.75 20c "	Plays—		Braid—1 1/2-inch wide yard...	.10	
Black and green...			4 x 6 ft. Wool...	8.50 20c "	Why They Gave a Show and How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)...	.15	† Buttons—Per Set...	.25	
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow			NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags and pennants.			How St. John Came to Bence's School...	.15	100—6 L to set—dozen sets...	2.75
Yellow Slickers...	10	\$1.75	Troop Pennants			Why the Rubbish?...	.15	Canteen, Aluminum...	2.75
	12	4.00	Lettered with any Troop No. ....	\$1.50	When the Four Winds Met (By Oleda Schmitt)...	.15	Compass, Plain...	1.00	
	14-20	5.00	Signal Flags			Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret Mochrie)...	.15	Radiote Dial...	1.50
Sweaters—Brown and Green Heather	32-40	8.00	Flag Set complete...	.75	Lots of 10 or more, each...	.10	Cuts Running Girl...	1.00	
Crest Model...	32-40	7.00	Includes:		Post Cards—		Trefoil...	.75	
Slipover Model...	32-40	7.00	1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed		Set of Six (Silhouette)...	.10	First Aid Kit with Pouch...	.80	
			6-ft. Staff		1 dozen sets...	1.00	Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra...	.50	
			1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy		Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer, Sets cannot be broken)...	.15	First Aid Kit, No. 1...	2.90	
			1 pr. of Semaphore Flags including Sticks and Carrying Case...	.50	Building...	2 for .05	Flashlights, Small size...	1.50	
			Badges			Washington Little House (Exterior)...	.02	Large size...	1.70
			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with spiral		Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)...	.05	Flexy Dolls (small)...	.15	
			G. S. Emblem...	6.75	Per hundred...	4.50	† Girl Scout Cloth—36" wide, per yd...	.75	
			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle...	5.00	Series of Law Cards		Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem: Linen...	.35	
			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear...	3.50	"A Girl Scout is Cheerful!"	4.50	Box of three...	1.00	
			G. S. Emblem—separate...	3.70	"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted!"		Cotton...	.20	
			Eagle Emblem—separate...	2.00	"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals!"		Box of six...	1.00	
			Spear Emblem—separate...	1.60	"A Girl Scout is Thrifty!"		Haversacks, No. 1...	3.00	
			Flag Carrier...	2.60	Any of above, each...	.01	No. 2...	2.00	
			Literature			Per hundred...	2.50	Knives, No. 1...	1.60
			Brown Book for Brown Owls...	.50	Scout Laws		No. 2...	1.05	
			Brownie Handbook, English...	.25	Size 14 x 10...	.30	Sheath Knife...	1.60	
			Brownie Games, English...	.25	Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris)...	2.00	Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces...	3.00	
			Blue Book of Rules...	.25	Scout Musterlap...	1.50	Mirror—Unbreakable...	.25	
			Camping Out (By L. H. Weir)...	2.00	Three Degrees in Hiking...	.10	Patterns—		
			Campward Ho!	.75	Tramping and Trailing with the Girl Scouts...	.35	Girl Scout Dress, 10-12...	.25	
			Camp and Field Notebook Cover	.50	Tree Marker (not engraved)...	8.00	Brownie, 8-12...	.30	
			Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year...	.25	Troop Management Course...	.75	Paper Weight, Bronze or Black		
			Community Service Booklet—Each year Per dozen...	1.00	Troop Register (Field Notebook Size)...	1.55	Girl Scout Feeding Rabbit...	.50	
			First Aid Book—New Edition	.60	Additional Sheets		Pocket Signal Charts, each...	.15	
			Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs, Camps and Scouts (By Chas. F. Smith)...	2.00	Cash Record (15 sheets)...	.25c package	In lots of ten or more, each...	.10	
			Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris)...	2.00	Per sheet (broken pkg.)...	.3c ea.	Poncho (45x72)...	3.50	
			Girl Guide Book of Games...	.50	Treasurer's Monthly Record (30 sheets)...	.25c package	Poncho (60x82)...	4.75	
			Girl Scout Diary—1928...	.35	Per sheet (broken pkg.)...	.2c ea.	Physic...	.30	
			Girl Scout Game Book...	.35			To slip on belt...	.20	
			Girl Scout Handfacts...	.35			Rings, Silver, 3 to 9...	1.00	
			Girl Scout Hike Pack...	.05			10K Gold, 3 to 9...	3.00	
			Girl Scout Short Stories (Series 1)...	2.00			Rope, 4 ft. by 3/4 in...	.15	
			Girl Scout Short Stories (Series 2)...	2.00			Lots of 5 or more, each...	.10	
			Health Record Book...	.10			Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt...	.50	
			Per dozen...	1.30			Sergs. green and gray mixture, 54-in. wide, per yard...	4.25	
			Handbook, Cloth Board Cover...	1.10			Sewing Kit, Tin Case...	.25	
			Flexible Cloth Cover...	.80			Aluminum Case...	.50	
			English Girl Guide...	.75			Girl Scout Stationery...	.55	
			Home Service Booklet, each...	.10			Girl Scout Stickers—each...	.01	
			Per dozen...	1.00			Per Dozen...	.10	
			How to Start a Girl Scout Troop	.05			Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11...	.50	
			Pamphlet, each...	.05			Sun Watch...	1.00	
			Per hundred...	4.50			Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold)...	.02	
			International Conference and World Camp Report...	1.25			3 for 5c; 12 for 15c; 100 for 1.00		
			Knots, Hitches and Splices...	.55			Thread, Khaki spool...	.15	
			Life Saving Booklet...	.15			Per dozen spools...	1.20	
			Lone Girl Scout Trailmaker...	.10			† Uniform Make-up Sets—Long Coat Uniform...	.70	
			Nancy Goes Girl Scouting (Jean Henry Large)...	1.50			1 Long Coat Pattern		
			Nature Program—A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders in their Nature Work...	.20			1 Pair Lapels		
			Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides Tenderfoot...	.03			1 Spool of Thread		
							1 Set of Buttons		
							Whistles...	.20	
							Wrist Watch, Radiote...	4.00	
							Tommy Ticker...	4.00	
							Nassau...	6.50	
							Locust...	12.50	

### Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

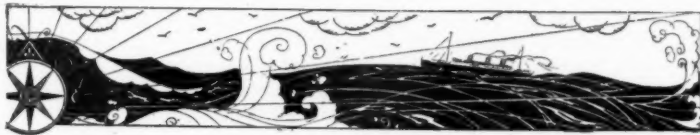
When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

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## When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

ON FEBRUARY first the Government of Cyprus issued a set of postage stamps in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the British occupation of the island.

The ten denominations represent persons, objects and incidents of interest in a history proverbially rich in traditional associations. The values are from three quarters of a piastre to one pound. This special issue will be on sale for twelve months only, or until January 31, 1929. After that time any stocks remaining on hand will be destroyed.

Many of our readers remember that Australia issued a special stamp to commemorate the transferring of the Federal Parliament from Melbourne to Canberra. A number of readers took advantage of this and secured a cover mailed in Australia during the time that this special stamp was on sale. This cover is now worth about two dollars.

Bearing this in mind, the editor of the stamp column is prepared to arrange for covers to be mailed in the small colony of Cyprus with one of the special postage stamps, during the time that these

stamps are on sale. If you are interested in securing a very interesting cover from this island possession of England, send him a stamped addressed envelope and he will send you the full details.

The special stamps issued by Panama in honor of Lindbergh's visit there were received in New York just too late for me to see what they looked like before the last issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL went to press. The stamps were placed on sale on January 9, 1928 and were prepared in the newspaper office of the *Star and Herald* in Panama from the designs of a Panama artist. Stamps to the number of three hundred thousand of the two cent red, and a hundred and fifty thousand of the five cent blue were printed on bank note paper. They were not gummed owing to the lack of facilities for this purpose.

The five cent value shows the map of Panama with the inscription underneath "Homenaje a Lindbergh" (which means Homage to Lindbergh), but the two cent value is somewhat crowded with too much detail. The stamps were made in a hurry and this fact must be taken into consideration in any critical estimate of the issue.

Costa Rica took the twelve cent carmine-rose stamp of the 1923 issue and surcharged it with an aeroplane and the words "Lindbergh Enero 1928" in two lines. The figure "10" has also been overprinted on the figures of the original value. It is stated that twenty thousand stamps were issued and that they were all sold out in a few minutes after the sale opened. Lindbergh Day covers carry only the original postmark in purple ink, dated January 7, 1928.

Cuba deserves credit for the very splendid looking stamp which was turned out. The five centavos air mail stamp which we illustrated in the February issue has been reprinted in a brilliant shade of red. Over this, in black, has been printed the inscription "Lindbergh Febrero 1928" in two lines. While there have been many different figures quoted as to the quantity of these stamps issued, I have not been able to secure a really authentic figure to quote. The stamps were not placed on sale until Lindbergh arrived at Havana and they were sold out within a few hours.

I have in my possession an air mail cover which was posted in Havana nine minutes after the stamp was placed on sale and this cover was sent to New York by the plane which left Havana directly after Lindbergh reached there. The letter is postmarked at New York forty-six hours later.

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50 var. Departments.	10.00
100 var. Departments.	80.00
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## Our April Contents

### Art and Poetry

- Cover Design . *Edward Poucher*  
 For Bob: A Dog *David Morton* 6  
 Etching by *Robert Hobb*

### Stories

- The Spot on the Blue Blotter  
*Augusta Huiell Seaman* 7  
 Illustrations by *Robb Beebe*  
 Kill or Cure  
*Kenneth Payson Kempton* 10  
 Illustrations by *Frank Schoonover*  
 Treasure Trove  
*Albert Payson Terhune* 16  
 Illustrations by *Paul Hanson*  
 Nan's Friends . *Sophie Andrassy* 21  
 Illustrations by *Frank Spradling*  
 Upstairs, Downstairs  
*Edith Bishop Sherman* 26  
 Illustrations by *Mildred Ann Owen*

### Special Articles

- Should Every Girl Go to College? . . . . *Mary Ross* 14  
 Illustrations by *Harriet Stein*  
 "I am a Girl Who— . . . . 29  
 Illustrations by *Mildred Ann Owen*

### Our Merit Badge Pages

- "As Fresh as a May Morning"  
*(Needlewoman)* *Helen Perry* 19  
 Illustrations by *J. M. Ross*  
 The Art of Salad Making  
*(Cook)* . . *Winifred Moscs* 24  
 Can a Girl Learn to Pitch?  
*(Athlete)* *Leonora Andersen* 30  
 Worthy and Worth the Wearing  
*(Dressmaker)* *Hazel Rawson* 31  
 Illustration by *Katherine Shane*  
 The Beholder *(Naturalist)* . . 36  
 If You Want to Write *(Scribe)*  
*May Lambertson Becker* 50

### Our Girl Scout Pictures

- This is the Way We Keep Our House . . . . . 34, 35

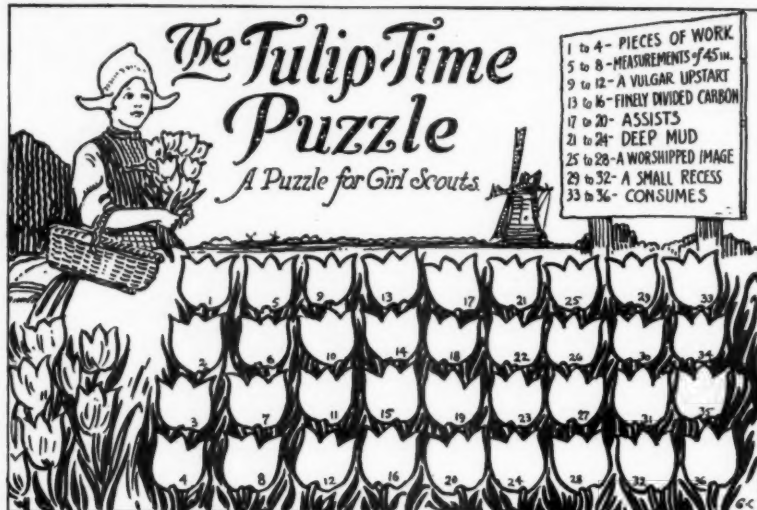
### Our Scribes' Corner

- These Are Houses Girl Scouts Built . . . . . 32

### Other Pages of Interest

- One of Twenty Cousins . . . 3  
 Along the Editor's Trail . . . 5  
 The Camera Contest . . . . 47  
 Ghost Stories . . . . . 52  
 Laugh and Grow Scout . . . 58  
 When Stamps are Your Hobby  
*Osborne B. Bond* 65  
 Our Puzzle Pack *George Carlson* 66

## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### Tulip Time Puzzle

Springtime is tulip time and time for other favorite flowers as well. Therefore our puzzle this month will be of flowers that bloom in the spring.

The well-arranged field of tulips that we see here has been placed in ideal order for a puzzle. The numbers on the tulips correspond with the nine sets of definitions that we see on the signboard. Place the correct words in the proper places on the tulips. When completed, the horizontal spaces from 1 to 33 and from 3 to 35 should spell the name of two springtime flowers well known to Girl Scouts.

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, six new words will be formed. The six added letters will spell the name of a famous American poet. Ate, we, hen, go, earn, ever.

### An Acrostic

The first and last letters of the six four-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two famous women of the Old Testament.

1. Organs of sight
2. Scandinavian myth
3. Labor
4. A ring of light
5. A tree
6. A city in Italy

### Concealed Flowers

Concealed in the following sentences are the names of nine flowers spelled backwards.

1. The woman referred to her secretary.
2. Many snap-dragons grew in the garden.
3. Sir, I am going home.
4. The sore on his foot hurt badly.
5. Is Cal ill?
6. Say, Lillian, where are you going?
7. The pupil uttered strange words.
8. My dog, Gyp, popped up very suddenly.
9. Say "no," Eppie.

By LOUISE McMARTIN  
 Claremont, Minnesota

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter at a time, turn a GOAT into a LAMB in eight moves.

### Curtailed Word

From the name of a month take away a letter and leave a structure in which a half circle is prominent, take away another letter and leave an expression in German.

### A Half Square

From the following definitions, build up a half square, the first word having six letters, the next one having five, the next four and so on to one.

1. Professional title
2. Clay containing iron
3. Part of a face
4. A numeral
5. A preposition
6. A letter

By R. D. VAN HOOSIER  
 Indianapolis, Indiana

### A Necktie Puzzle



Find a word which, when placed in the vacant space on the bow, by being read twice as you go round the circle, makes a correct sentence.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

THE THREE GIRL GUIDES: The American girl first took the French girl over, left her and returned. Then she took the Dutch girl over and returned with the French girl. Leaving the French girl on the shore she took the Norwegian girl over to where the Dutch girl was, and then returned and took her French friend over.

ADD A LETTER: The seven added letters spell BOLIVIA.

AN ACROSTIC: Vim, ivy, oar, lot, eel, toe. VIOLET, MYRTLE.

ENIGMA: Washington crossed the Delaware in winter.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

G I R L S  
 I D E A L  
 R E A D Y  
 L A D L E  
 S L Y E R

WORD JUMPING: Glass, class, clans, claps, clips, chips, chins, china.

CURTAILED WORD: Pecan, pean, pan.

PUZZLE PI:

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:  
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.  
 All the king's horses and all the king's men  
 Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again

Begin now to get things for camp with "American Girl" premiums. See page fifty-four

*When you play Tennis  
dress for it*

WHITE is the traditional costume for tennis. And nothing is more appropriate on the courts than a crisp, white MAN O'WAR Middy. It looks well, fits well and gives you the necessary freedom of movement. The sides won't hitch up when you serve a "fast one", because the cleverly sloped sides make the MAN O'WAR Middy fit.



**The MAN O'WAR MIDDY  
has made good with  
THE GIRL SCOUTS**

**D**ID you know that almost half of the Girl Scouts wear MAN O'WAR white Middies?—47% to be correct. 62 out of every 100 Girl Scouts vote the MAN O'WAR Middy their favorite. These facts were established by a questionnaire recently sent by the American Girl Magazine to hundreds of Girl Scouts all over the country.

There must be good reasons for such wide-spread popularity. If you are one of the many who are now wearing the MAN O'WAR Middy, you know the reasons. You know that the MAN O'WAR is a real thoroughbred middy that fits becomingly and looks like a custom tailored garment. The sloped sides make it fit. Fine tailoring and double stitching throughout give this smart middy

the distinction that always marks fine quality.

The MAN O'WAR Middy worn by the tennis player in the picture is our A-11 model. It is made of beautiful snow-white, Super Jean that launders like a fine handkerchief—crisp and clean. The MAN O'WAR Togs are identified by the MAN O'WAR trade mark. They are sold by good stores all over the country. There are bloomers, knickers, blouses—in fact everything for camp, school and gym. If you do not know where MAN O'WAR togs are sold locally, please use the coupon and we will send you the address and an interesting style booklet.

The MAN O'WAR Middy can be purchased at the Girl Scout National Equipment Headquarters, New York.



BRANIGAN, GREEN & CO.

1270 Broadway, New York

Please send me your booklet of camp, school and gym togs and the address of a store which sells them.

Name.....

Address.....

Favorite Store.....

A.G. 4



## The richer it is, the better it is

**G**IRLS have been taught in recent years that too rich food is not good for them. The more up-to-date idea is that *not* the *degree* of richness, but the *kind* of richness, is the important thing. Richness in only one food substance is bad. Balanced richness, richness in all the food items the body needs, is good. Too much cream, for example, is not good—it is rich only in butterfat. Nobody warns against too much milk. On the contrary, every authority urges us to put *more* milk in our diet. It is good because it is rich in all the food substances.

### The Old Way

Many centuries ago people came to use cream because they wanted "richer" milk and knew no other way to get it. They didn't know then that they were getting in cream only *part* of the essential food value of milk—the butterfat—and losing the bone and tissue-building substances which make milk—*not* cream—the most important of all foods.

### The New Way

We now have milk that is as rich

as cream, but with a different and *better* richness—a richness in *all* the food substances of milk. It does what you want cream to do—gives extra richness in flavor, better consistency and texture. It does what cream can't do—gives the *whole-milk* richness which promotes health. With such milk—used in place of cream on our cereals, fruits or custards—we can make our food as "rich" as we please. The richer it is, the better it is. It will build sounder bones and better teeth and stronger bodies and better health.

### You Know It's Pure and Safe

Evaporated Milk is pure, fresh milk that is made more than twice as rich as ordinary milk by taking out sixty per cent. of the natural water. All the food substances of the milk are retained. It is homogenized so that the cream never separates. Then it is put in a sealed

container and sterilized—protected from everything that could impair its freshness and purity—made free from anything that could harm health. It comes to the pantry as fresh and sweet as when it left the farm, as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe.

### Convenient—Economical

The convenience and the economy of Evaporated Milk is in line with modern methods of housekeeping. It takes the place of cream, and makes better food—at less than half the cost of cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need, yet the cream is always in the milk, and it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION  
999 MERCHANTS BANK BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

# EVAPORATED MILK

Richer~safer~more convenient~more economical than any other milk

Keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf





